New Statesman

The Week-end Review

VOL. LXII · No. 1593 FRIDAY · 22 SEPTEMBER 1961 NINEPENCE

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Washington

An Unexciting Congress

ROBERT BENDINER *writes:* A session of Congress is something of a prolonged lion-tamer's act, with aficionados judging the presidential tamer not only for the effectiveness of his performances but on style. Roosevelt withheld the food of patronage and periodically scared the daylights out of the Congressional lions by threatening to turn the public on them. Truman taunted them and finally threw them to the public altogether. Eisenhower pointed out the hoops he hoped they would jump through, but shrugged his shoulders when they didn't. Kennedy's method seems to be to call individual lions into a corner and whisper something in their ear. He always lets them save face, having been a lion once himself. As a style, this 'soft sell' is not dramatic, and as the first session of the 87th Congress packs for home, the President's press notices are restrained, featuring such adjectives as 'spotty' and 'unexciting.'

Of the five domestic objectives on Mr Kennedy's agenda last January, two were achieved intact – a rehabilitation programme for economically depressed areas and a new Federal Housing Act. A third success, though modified, was his request for a higher minimum wage for more workers. Against these triumphs must be recorded his failure to get a bill of any sort to provide medical assistance for the aged, though that, too, was on his list, and the bungling of the desperately needed bill to get federal money into the impoverished public school system. Kennedy himself called this 'the most important piece of domestic legislation' he had asked for. In the past decade states and local communities have raised their expenditures for education from roughly $5,000 million a year to $15,000 million. Estimates are that in the next ten years the annual bill will reach $30,000 million, and there is no visible way that it can be met with local revenues. Yet partisan and religious considerations – help for parochial schools or none at all – were allowed to side track and then kill the measure in an atmosphere of bitterness in which high Catholic prelates seemed to be longing for the good old days when the White House was in the hands of reasonable Baptists and Presbyterians.

In much the same way the President won a draw in the field of foreign policy, or national defence as it is now known. Congress was quick to put up what he asked for in the way of military expenditures, down to the last billion, but on foreign aid he was denied what he most needed – the ability to launch long-range continuing programmes, with power to borrow from the Treasury rather than having to return annually to Congress, hat in hand.

If the record is hardly comparable to Roosevelt's 'Hundred Days' – the comparison was made widely if not prophetically before Kennedy took office – there are mitigating circumstances, most of them named Krushchev. Mr James Reston complains in the *New York Times* that the Russian leader has 'diverted the top officials of this government from the great problems and purposes of the nation' and suggests a bit more serenity in high places. But let it be at least recalled that Roosevelt did not have to cope, in his first term, with 'the foul winds of war' and when they finally blew, he promptly turned from 'Dr New Deal', as he coyly put it, to 'Dr Win the War.' In further mitigation, Kennedy has a conservative Lower House, with a narrow working majority and an ageing, unenthusiastic leadership.

Making allowances for Democratic weaknesses in the House and for Krushchev's constant rude interruptions from abroad, it is nevertheless fair to say that the President's handling of his first Congress has not been inspiring. The Nineteen-Sixties, he said early in his campaign, 'demand that the President place himself in the very thick of the fight, that he care passionately about the fate of the people he leads.' A sign of that passion might go far on Capitol Hill; but, if that is too much, the President's admirers would probably settle for an occasional show of temper.

Teachers

What Kind of Strike?

NORMAN MACKENZIE *writes:* The teachers who struck on Wednesday were members of the National Association of Schoolmasters, protesting in part against the government's shameful treatment of the salary claim but in part against the exclusion of the NAS from the Burnham committee which has hitherto settled the pay and working conditions of teachers. This strike, therefore, was aimed as much against the much larger National Union of Teachers (whose 'equal pay' policies are resented by the all-male NAS) as against the Minister of Education.

This show of militancy by the NAS, however, adds further confusion to a situation in which it was already far from clear how teachers could effectively express their legitimate resentment against the government without penalising the children in their care or embarrassing the local education authorities who concede the justice of their claim. It is this dilemma which has put the executive of the NUT in an awkward situation. Its members do not want to close the schools or make things difficult for their immediate employers, but there is no way in which they directly oppose the government.

The NUT, moreover, is itself divided. One section of the union wants a full-scale strike, and thinks nothing else will do. But others are opposed to any strike on principle. Such disagreements over tactics led the NUT executive this week to propose a 'stay-in' strike in selected areas, whereby teachers would attend school but refuse payment. This idea was used successfully in Lowestoft in 1927, when the local authority refused to accept the Burnham scales. After a long struggle, in which teachers carried on in church halls and other temporary premises, the strike was won.

The difficulty that arises – apart from arguments about the utility of such tactics – is that 75 per cent of the teachers in an area selected for such a strike must approve it before strike pay can be given. And there are probably enough in most of these areas who disapprove (on the grounds either that it is too militant or that it is too moderate) to make general acceptance at least doubtful. The results of the referendum now being taken in these areas – together with another asking approval for a five per cent levy to raise new strike funds – will be known when the special union conference meets on 7 October. It seems that the measures which will then command general support are proposals to stop school-meal duties and to call a one-day national strike.

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NEXT WEEK

Autumn Books

In next week's enlarged Books Number A. J. P. TAYLOR *writes on Hitler and* RICHARD WOLLHEIM *interviews Norman Mailer. Other contributors include* MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE, DAN JACOBSON, V. S. PRITCHETT, A. ALVAREZ *and* PHILIP LARKIN.

Spotlight on Politics

ANTHONY HOWARD *writes on the coming Labour Party conference.*

Ankara

Hangman's Folly

A Correspondent writes: The end of a year-long trial on the island of Yassiada has brought not only the death, much to the surprise of many Turks, of Menderes and two of his Cabinet colleagues, but the removal from the political scene of virtually the entire leadership of Turkey's biggest pre-1960 political party: 12 commuted life imprisonments, 31 sentences of hard labour for life, 418 prison sentences ranging up to 15 years, and a mere 123 acquittals.

In the outside world the sentences have caused revulsion, the circumstances of Menderes's execution being a particular affront to civilised standards; inside Turkey the economic and political problems, if they do not remain the same are, as a result, likely to get worse. However unpopular a government, or

even criminal, it is a basic necessity of democracy to allow it to go into Opposition with safety. The denial of this, in the name of democracy, is bound to retard the development of freedom in Turkey. Yet General Gursel's position was an impossible one; the attitude of the Radicals, who were thrown out of the National Unity Committee earlier this year, was far more logical, even if less acceptable to western thinking.

It is impossible to exaggerate the harm which Menderes did to Turkey's economy or the extent of the political repression he engendered, although the results of the trial have, perversely, tended to do so. But if the army had not moved it is certain that the establishment of a dictatorship would have been confirmed. In view of Menderes's popularity, Gursel needed the action of the army to be vindicated in law. The trial was bound to be wholly political and clearly showed the difficulties of getting enough evidence and solid proof when this is so.

For this Gursel cannot be blamed; he had no real alternative. He is a captive of the methods which it became imperative to use to block the path Menderes had chosen. But if he really wanted to bring democracy back to Turkey he could have removed from the penal code the death sentence for trying to change the constitution by force. He will probably come to regret that he did not do so.

Common Market

Trouble Ahead

The active phase in the negotiations for Britain's entry into the Common Market is now beginning – in an atmosphere of confusion and apprehension. Strictly speaking, Britain's formal application went to the permanent Commission of EEC in Brussels on 6 September; but, owing to French obstinancy, the Commission merely forwarded the application to the Council of Ministers, which meets on Monday. Evidently the French are going to bargain fiercely not merely on the terms of entry but on every detail of protocol. The problem of Britain's entry (always assuming that Mr Macmillan has not made up his mind that we must now go in at any price) has always been how to reconcile France's opposition to any concessions to our Commonwealth links, with the determination of the Commonwealth countries to preserve them largely intact. On the European side, the prospects of accommodation seem somewhat improved by the German elections: for Dr Erhard, who now seems likely to replace Dr Adenauer before the vital phase of the negotiations begin, is prepared to go a long way to secure Britain's entry.

On the Commonwealth side, however, the notion that the other members would tamely acquiesce in Britain's entry at their expense received a rude shock at last week's meeting of Commonwealth Finance Ministers in Accra. The communiqué, published only after four hours of wrangling, expressed 'grave apprehension and concern' not, as expected, at the terms Britain might be forced to accept, but at the very notion of entry – which, it added, might 'reduce [the Commonwealth's] effectiveness as a world instrument for understanding, prosperity and peace.' What struck observers was that non-white members insisted just as strongly as the older dominions on the paramount importance of the Commonwealth as a political force – and were equally fearful that this role would be imperilled by Britain's membership of EEC.

No doubt the mood of the Commonwealth delegates was intensified by the golf-playing insouciance of Mr Macmillan's whole attitude to the negotiations. Having refused a full Premiers' conference, Macmillan now realises that his stop-gap technique of sending individual Cabinet ministers to groups of dominions has been an unqualified failure. He has therefore adopted an even more confusing procedure of holding separate consultations at a departmental level. These began in London this week, but five out of 12 Commonwealth members declined to send delegates to London, so that their sets of talks have to be carried out in local capitals through the High Commissioners. The problem of co-ordination becomes even more complicated when it is realised that an entirely different set of men are to carry out the negotiations with the Six. Their names, announced last week, do not inspire confidence that the interests of the Commonwealth will be given their due weight. Since they represent different departments, they in turn have to be co-ordinated – a task allotted to Sir Frank Lee, Joint Permanent Secretary to the Treasury, whose desk is already overloaded.

Evidently, Mr Macmillan's tactics throughout have been to avoid a dramatic high-level conference, with the risk of an open breakdown which would alert his own followers to the ugly facts about Britain's entry. In this he may have the tacit support of Mr Gaitskell, who faces a similar problem in his own party. But there is evidence that public interest is growing steadily; and this, combined with the growing belligerence of the Commonwealth countries, may yet provoke explosions at both party conferences and force the front benches to carry the debate before the nation.

The Liberals

A Celtic Twilight?

ANTHONY HOWARD *writes:* The Liberal Assembly, which opened in Edinburgh this week, has not come at a specially propitious moment for the party. Admittedly since the last general election Mr Grimond's small but gallant band of dedicated amateurs has succeeded in coming second in six out of the 16 parliamentary by-elections which they have fought – and last spring, down in the foot-hills, they managed to achieve some impressive gains in the various council elections. But what they have not been able to do – especially in the last five months when they have been unlucky enough to have no by-elections to fight – is to make themselves look anything like the formidable threat that they momentarily appeared to be during 1958.

It has not, in fact, been an especially good Liberal year. Even the figure of 323 local council election gains loses some of its impressiveness when it is seen to include no less than 90 gains made on parish councils where any willing volunteer (of whatever political colour) is almost always sure of a welcome. As for the parliamentary by-elections, if Liberal strength reached its peak at Paisley, it certainly touched its nadir at Ebbw Vale, Small Heath and Warrington. And even the party headquarters in London – which was badly rocked in 1960 by Mr Herbert Harris's departure from the office of general director – had to suffer a fresh shock this summer when the party's newly appointed secretary suddenly resigned in June. All in all, the Liberal Party's march to its promised land looks today a good deal less confident than it did in the brave dreamy days before the massive disappointment of the October 1959 general election.

By their presentation of this year's assembly the Liberals themselves seem to have acknowledged this fact. Instead of being encouraged to observe the old Liberal custom of celebrating imaginary triumphs, the 1,300 delegates at Edinburgh have had their eyes sternly turned to the future. A call to further exertion rather than a pride in past prowess provides the key-note of the conference. And the main outcome of it seems certain to be Mr Grimond's announcement of a drive to attract 100,000 new members to the party in the next three months.

Whether that drive succeeds or fails (and one will probably never know – since Liberal Party membership is a closely guarded secret) is not perhaps of primary importance. What matters is that it may enable the Liberals – dependent, as they are, on keeping firmly in the public eye – to escape from the doldrums in which they have lately seemed to be. It probably also has the advantage of putting the party's much-vaunted reformed organisation to some kind of preliminary test before it has to face the strain of a general election.

It has been difficult in the past two years to keep pace with all the changes in the power structure within the Liberal Party organisation. But all the various efforts that have been made at checks and balances do seem to have had one aim – to give the party at long last some form of central authority that can control the anarchy that is sometimes only too apparent in the constituencies. That central authority now seems to have materialised in the shape of an organising committee, which (with Mr Frank Byers as chairman and Mr Mark Bonham Carter as vice-chairman) now faces the task of trying to teach the party that practical politics and theoretical idealism do not necessarily go hand in hand.

The Highlands

The New Laird

A Special Correspondent writes: Mr R. A. Butler, the Home Secretary, recently bought a large manse standing in 10 acres of ground on the Isle of Mull as a holiday retreat. On moving in, Mr. Butler found his ceilings were collapsing and required securing with an 'enormous prop.' This is symbolic. Mull, like Mr Butler's ceilings, has been collapsing for years and is now approaching total social and economic decay. Since 1951 the population has fallen by 287, or 14.6 per cent, from 1,961 to 1,674. The number of tenant farmers is down to a dozen. The island can carry 30. There is no resident dentist or a fast efficient means of getting the sick or injured to the mainland. Wireless and television reception is poor, in places virtually non-existent. The islanders even cry out for a barber's shop.

So serious is the situation that Lord Cameron, chairman of the Highland Panel, recently went on record, in public, deploring a decision of the Secretary of State regarding the island; and things are grave when Lord Cameron feels compelled to publicly state his displeasure. It is now useless for Tory apologists to belittle the claim that absentee sporting proprietors are directly responsible for the planned ruination of great areas in Mull. Documentary evidence, from an un-

impeachable source, is available to support this claim. Recently a retired senior Scottish civil servant carried out an exploratory survey in Mull on behalf of the Scottish Council of Social Service. He reported that

> . . . bitter criticism was made [by islanders] of some of the landlords who are said quite definitely not to want any development of the island, do not want the proposed car ferry service from Oban to Craignure, do not want caravans to come in, and, in some cases, actively discourage holiday-makers, climbers and hikers. Some are said also not to be working their estates productively, to be deliberately allowing land to go out of production and houses to go into disrepair; on estates there were said to be 12 such houses.

This report has never been made public. Yet, despite the increasing seriousness of the situation, despite the advice of the Highland Panel, the Secretary of State for Scotland, persists on his course of ruin.

The situation came to a head with the recent publication of the Estimates Committee's report to the Ministry of Agriculture, Fisheries and Food. The Committee recommended that Glenforsa estate, on Mull, owned by the nation, be disposed of forthwith. As recently as 1959 the Highland Panel visited Glenforsa and left strongly of the opinion that the estate be maintained for its original demonstrative purposes 'which were badly needed in the island.' Now the Estimates Committee recommends the immediate sale of the estate because it lost £6,000 in ten years.

Glenforsa, of course, while it remained intact, was a constant indictment of those sporting landlords who deliberately allow their land to go out of production. But the final government cave-in to sporting interests came with the Secretary of State's further decision to sell Scallastle Farm, which had been acquired through state purchase of land for forestry. It was this decision which prompted Lord Cameron to call his press conference. Lord Cameron pointed out that the farm is Mull's main source of milk, important to the resident population and to the island's expanding tourist industry.

Singapore

An Unequal Merger

A Special Correspondent writes: Since two recent by-elections raised the spectre of the Singapore electorate voting extremism into power, the Malayan Prime Minister has been conferring with his Singapore opposite number, Lee Kuan Yew, about merger. Tungku Abdul Rahman is offering to let Singapore 'share' Malayan independence and so get rid of the continued subordination to Britain which is enabling the extreme Barisan Socialists to gather support against the People's Action Party (PAP) government. But the Malayan merger offer will still be wide open to attack by the Barisan Socialists (largely near-Communists and PAP dissidents). For the Tungku and his Malay followers dare not – for reasons of inter-racial balance – admit Singapore's 1¼ million Chinese into the Malayan Federation on terms of equitable political representation. The suggestion is that, while Singapore should allow the Federation to control its foreign policy, defence, and internal security, the island should have small, if any, representation in the Malayan Federal Assembly. That will look very much like exchanging British for Malayan 'colonial rule'. The implication is bound to be sharpened by the contrast between conservative, semi-feudal Malaya and Singapore's radicalism. Leaving Singapore in charge of its own labour and education, in a merger, will only slightly soften the subordination to Malaya that is contemplated. Sooner or later Lee Kuan Yew – continuing his fight for moderation and racial integration – will have to defend the difficult proposition in a general election. As a result the constructive PAP may lose to leftists who would probably lead Singapore towards anti-western extremism or Communism. To help the PAP, the Malayan leaders should at least agree to set a term to 'unequal merger', and consent to give Singapore the prospect of steadily increased representation in the Federation as inter-racial confidence grows. What could greatly contribute to such confidence would be the accession of the three Borneo territories – with their non-Chinese majorities – to the Federation. Unfortunately Sarawak, Brunei and North Borneo are constitutionally retarded, because of the too leisurely tempo of political development hitherto acquiesced in by the Colonial Office.

Fleet Street

Hark the Herald

FRANCIS WILLIAMS *writes:* Mr Cecil Harmsworth King once remarked to me that one of the reasons for the *Daily Mirror's* success was that it realised earlier than other popular dailies did that its readers had radio sets. Most of them had heard all the main news of the day before they started for work. They did not want to read it all again unless it was very exciting or touched them very closely. They wanted something different and 'human'. Now with Mr King (and to an even greater extent Mr Hugh Cudlipp) behind it, the *Daily Herald* is out to make itself into the first popular paper that realises its readers have television sets.

Hugh Cudlipp is making the *Daily Herald* a paper that looks as if it may actually become a pace-maker in Fleet Street instead of, as it has for so long, flopping along several laps behind. For the first time in 15 years the steady and, as it began to seem, irrevocable fall in the *Herald's* circulation (it had lost over 650,000 in the last ten years alone) has been halted. The rot had in fact been stopped by Christopher Chancellor and John Beavan, who had been appointed editor before the take-over. But Cudlipp, with Beavan's help, is now giving the *Herald* an identity which holds out some hope that on the basis of its current circulation of 1,418,000 (the total readership is estimated to be just over three and a half times this at 5,670,000) it may be able to build up a viable circulation position.

This is a hope, not by any means yet a certainty. But the attempt makes the *Herald* better worth buying these days than it has been for a very long time. What Cudlipp is trying to do, in fact, is to carry on from television and produce a popular 'documentary' newspaper that will tap the market created by such television programmes as 'Tonight', 'Panorama' and 'This Week', by giving readers a reliable, but easily digested, background to affairs, both to fill in their television viewing and to enable them to put the news of the day, treated as simply and straightforwardly as possible, in perspective. I should judge that the particular large segment of this market the *Herald* has in mind is the upper range of the Secondary Modern school population and their parents, with some spill-over into that part of the Grammar school population which is unlikely for various reasons to take the *Telegraph* or the *Guardian*.

It has to this end introduced a number of new features which, although some of them need a bit more polish to be fully effective, are encouraging as a sign of a settled and intelligent purpose backed by a readiness to spend the sort of money required for editorial success – something the *Herald* has lacked in recent years. One of the best of these, a half-page feature 'The *Herald* Explains' has been devoted every day this week to Germany. Another, 'Picture Documentary', aims at exploring visually important public issues. This is not yet technically a patch on the *Daily Express's* Photonews but Ted Castle, lately of the *Mirror* and one time of *Picture Post*, has been brought in to run it and we may expect improvements. What is also interesting is that the strip cartoon – one of the big factors in the *Mirror's* success – is being turned to a new purpose with a number of series. One of these aims at giving a painless exposition of the 'Frontiers of Science', another a slightly satirical picture of social change as seen in the village of 'Barley Bottom', a third a down-to-earth picture of young married life in Britain today.

The number of foreign correspondents – which at one stage in the *Herald's* post-war career had reached an entirely derisory level – has also been stepped up considerably and distinguished specialists are being sent off on special assignments. Add to this a two-column news digest on the first page, and one can see what the *Herald* is after – a readership, particularly a youngish readership, which is interested in affairs and wants to understand them but has neither the time nor the knowledge nor perhaps the capacity to find a way unaided through all the complication of the modern world.

There are of course a number of formidable problems in the way. One of them is size. Not only is the *Herald*, with an average of only ten pages, at a considerable disadvantage compared with all its rivals but this also means that after three pages are taken for sport what is left is not always adequate for the kind of news coverage that is required to balance the informative background features.

With the cost of newsprint what it is the *Herald* can hardly hope to get on more level terms with its competitors until there is a substantial increase in advertising revenue. The *Herald's* weakness here has been in the past that it had a derisory number of those all important A/B readers – no more than five per cent of its total readership – and only 31 per cent of readers under the age of 35. Its present policy ought, however, to bring many more younger readers – it is aimed specifically at them. Unless, however it can achieve the same sort of mass-readership as the *Mirror*, which is unlikely on this policy, and presumably not wanted by King or Cudlipp, it must also increase its percentage of the A/B. It is trying to do so by, to quote its own advertisements, 'changing its brand image'. This means that while remaining basically Labour and radical in political approach it must get away from the label 'Labour' with its journalistic overtones of a rather stuffy, official trade unionism and become a good deal more controversially exciting (and less predictable) than it used to be. The miracle is bound to take time. More wit, better writing, smarter sub-editing and a little more sophistication are still needed. Also more controversy and passion. But the foundations are being laid.

After Dag Hammarskjold

Dag Hammarskjold died at the worst possible moment – and perhaps in the worst possible place. Even those who hate the United Nations and all that Hammarskjold stood for are scared by the vacuum his death has created. Hammarskjold's achievement in truth was greater than has yet been fully recognised. Born, as he himself liked to say, with the blood of neutralism in his veins, he made himself by unremitting patience and a good deal of courage into the first real supra-national civil servant.

Unlike Trygve Lie, he was recognised by all western and uncommitted governments (by most Communist diplomats, too, in private) as a totally dedicated and impartial servant of the UN. Unlike the long line of idealistic, and usually ineffectual, international bureacrats who have proliferated in fringe organisations since the end of the First World War, Hammarskjold was 'supra-national' in the sense that he interpreted the service of the UN as giving him, within a general UN mandate, freedom of decision and executive action over the heads of individual governments. Moreover, he had the determination and persuasiveness to beg, borrow or commandeer the men and material he needed to implement his decisions. Hammarskjold in fact will be remembered not as a word-spinner or a draughtsman or a constitution-chopper, but as the Supreme Commander of UN forces (from which the great powers were excluded) at Suez and in the Congo, and above all as the man who succeeded in transferring some small reality of world power to the votes of the smaller non-aligned nations.

This was how he fell foul of the Russians. The Soviet government has always been pleased to use the UN as a propaganda platform. It has never been willing to acquiesce in decisions which conflict with its own purposes. In the case of Korea it was compelled, by a combination of tactical ineptitude in the UN and military weakness, to submit to President Truman's intervention. But by the time of the action in the Congo, which Mr Krushchev held to be contrary to Soviet interests, the Russians, being unable to veto the General Assembly's decision, felt strong enough to resist by other means. Their method of resistance was to challenge head-on the power of the Chief Executive.

The Shadow of the Troika

No doubt Soviet animosity towards Hammarskjold was increased by the temporary factor of Kruschev's personal ill temper in the face of his cool reception at the General Assembly a year ago. It may be that the Russians, who clearly found it inconceivable that a policy with which they disagreed was being executed in a spirit of genuine neutralism, are more favourably impressed by Hammarskjold's recent treatment of Tshombe than by his earlier treatment of Lumumba. At all events, having formally enunciated the doctrine of the Troika – i.e. of building the power of veto into the UN's administrative machine – they have not deliberately sought an opportunity to press their claim.

If Hammarskjold had never managed to regain their confidence, at least the fact that he was constitutionally the occupant of the Secretary-General's chair for another 18 months would almost certainly have ensured that the Troika remained no more than a talking point till 1963. During that time its real implications could have been assessed, counter-proposals could have been made, and the UN machine itself, already engaged on vital work in the Congo and perhaps required for an even more momentous task in Berlin, would at least have a fully qualified and properly appointed operator.

Hammarskjold's death now invites the Russians to force the issue of the Troika. If they do so, not only will many of the existing operations of the UN be brought to a meaningless and haphazard standstill, but a new cause of bitter great-power feuding will be introduced to a world which is already inflamed almost to bursting point. Is it now certain that the Russians will go all out to force this new crisis on top of everything else? And how should the rest of the world react? It is pointless to deny that the introduction of the Troika in its crudest and most obvious form – putting the Secretary-General's post into a commission of three, each with the power of veto over every act – would wreck the UN as a supra-national agency. All who seek to strengthen its powers must resist such a wretched destruction of their hopes.

Would Russia Leave the UN?

On the other hand, blank rejection of the Soviet proposal even with the endorsement of the majority of the General Assembly, could bring its own form of slower death to the UN. The greatest single lesson to be learned from the pathetic story of the League of Nations is that international organisations which are concerned with power cannot function in the absence of any of the world powers. The greatest strength of the UN so far has been that it contains both the US and the USSR; its greatest potential weakness is the absence of emergent China. Thus any action by the General Assembly which induced the Russians to quit the UN would be almost as disastrous as the Troika to its effective survival.

Whether there is any real danger that the Russians would in present circumstances do so, is a matter of speculation. But it is the tradition of Soviet foreign policy to take a realistic view of where power resides. Direct talks between the US and the USSR have been the continuing theme of Soviet diplomacy ever since the Russians achieved some approximation of military and economic parity with the United States. The United Nations, meantime, which could serve some Soviet purposes while the USSR was still unable to stand up alone to the US, is now a potential obstacle to the success of Russian policy.

Of course membership of the UN still holds many advantages for the Soviet Union; and it is not to be supposed that the Russians will lightly abandon it. But there is no reason at all to suppose that they would cling to membership once they were convinced that the UN no longer embodied in its constitution adequate protection for great-power privilege. It is, in fact, the secondary nations – Britain included – and above all those who have chosen not to shelter under any particular great-power umbrella, who have the greatest interest in preserving the UN and building up its supra-national strength.

The immediate task for those powers, and an obvious diplomatic opportunity for Britain, is to explore coolly and objectively the possibilities of meeting legitimate Russian complaints without surrendering the UN's essential asset of an executive which, given a clear mandate, can take swift supra-national action. There is just a chance that a way can be found. The Russians have some complaints which are understandable. In the first place, China, the great ally of the Soviet Union and the second world power in the Communist bloc, is still senselessly excluded from the councils of the UN. Now is the moment to redress what is not only a legitimate Soviet complaint, but a piece of western blindness which, if perpetuated, may of itself wreck the UN.

Secondly, the Communist bloc is still generally under-represented in the UN bureaucracy. This is not the fault of Mr Hammarskjold: there have been serious practical difficulties in selecting suitably qualified men and women to fill the vacant posts. Nevertheless, the result is understandably unsatisfactory to the Russians. Thirdly, the principle of the veto, which was recognised at San Francisco as fundamental to the participation of the great powers, has been largely eroded now that final power in the UN increasingly rests with the Afro-Asian bloc in the General Assembly.

In one sense this is a measure of the growing maturity of the UN. In another it illustrates how UN procedures have begun to diverge from the realities of world power. So far, this divergence has not significantly told against the United States. When it does, we may find that Washington no less than Moscow finds it necessary to resort to forceful, or at any rate extra-constitutional methods to redress the balance. The solution to this particular problem is not an easy one; but the non-aligned countries have already begun to canvass suggestions for practical modifications of the Troika which they would be prepared to consider. Given time, a formula could probably be found.

Room for Compromise

It is time, indeed, which is essential. And this is where the basic goodwill of the Russians towards the United Nations is put to the test. Mr Krushchev himself can have had no expectation that the office of Secretary-General would become vacant before 1963. Soviet policy, therefore, has for a year been geared to a continuance of the *status quo* till then. It is tragic chance which has killed Hammarskjold at a moment of maximum world tension and so given the Russians the chance to precipitate a new crisis 18 months ahead of time.

We should like to see the western powers take the initiative of proposing now the appointment of a temporary Secretary-General from among the unquestioned neutrals to hold the post for the next 18 months only. Simultaneously, they should call for a review of the Charter by a committee of the General Assembly to be completed before 1963, to see what practical and constitutional methods could be devised to resolve the dilemma presented by the Soviet demand. If the United Nations is to survive in any worthwhile form, it must avoid two extremes: it must not be so tied to the apron strings of the great powers that it has no supra-national executive power of its own, nor must it allow the collective voice of the underdog to become so intolerable to the great powers that they are driven to abandon it to the miserable fate of the League of Nations.

Kanzlerdämmerung?

JOHN MANDER

West German journalists like to refer to Bonn's Rhineside Bundenhaus as a 'political hothouse.' Last Sunday night, this was no metaphor. In the sweltering nocturnal heat, as election results were flashed on to the television screens, hysteria mounted. In the small hours as the Christian Democrat percentage fell slowly from the 49 per cent achieved earlier in the evening, tension reached a peak. Would the CDU lose its absolute majority in terms of Bundestag seats as well as of votes? And would Willy Brandt be able to turn this reverse into a rout? Through the dank fog of cigar smoke, the ciphers on the screens began to assume, even to minds fuddled by warm beer and the contortions of PR, a clear pattern. By three o'clock in the morning, a true *Kanzlerdämmerung* seemed to have set in. Out of the hysteria, a new cliché was born: 'The Adenauer era is at an end.'

But was it? At his morning conference Dr Adenauer, ushered unceremoniously into his political grave the night before, rose again. Unexpectedly? Not, I think, to regular students of *der Alte's* form. Whatever the computers might say, the old man was not going to give up without a fight. Indeed, why should he? His party had won 45 per cent of the total vote – nearly ten per cent more than its nearest rival, Willy Brandt's SPD. The Free Democrats, of whose triumph so much was made, still represented less than 13 per cent of the German electorate, while the Brandt landslide, greatly feared by the CDU in the tense days after 13 August, had failed to materialise. According to Adenauer, the results signified merely a return to the *status quo* of eight years ago: the FDP having recouped its 1957 losses, and the CDU having fallen back on the 45 per cent it had won in its 1953 triumph. Any losses could be attributed to natural attrition after 12 continuous years in power.

Obviously, those who spoke so confidently of a *Kanzlerdämmerung* had reckoned without Adenauer. And, whatever his sins of omission on 13 August, the deftness with which Adenauer took up the theme of negotiation in the last days of the election (even accusing Brandt of Cold-Warriorlike obstinacy) shows that the hand that so smartly slapped down Professor Erhard two years ago has not lost its cunning. Yet, equally obviously, Adenauer's explanation of the CDU losses (echoed by many commentators in the British press) will not hold water. Natural attrition did not prevent a continuous rise in the CDU vote during the Fifties, though most of the objectionable features of one-party rule were already evident. Rather, the CDU vote increased at each election because the voter identified his fortunes and those of the new West German state with Adenauer and Erhard. Erhard's *Wirtschaftswunder* and Adenauer's pro-western foreign policy were thought of as mutually dependent. A large vote for Adenauer and Erhard was thus a vote of national self-confidence. This has now changed. The CDU has lost five per cent of its 1957 vote (in effect, eight per cent since the German Party, now decimated after its unfortunate coalition with the likewise decimated Refugee Party, was in 1957 a mere appendage of the CDU). So direct a blow at the prestige and authority of the CDU points to a drastic fall in national self-confidence.

The shock of 13 August is not yet spent: these are only its first fruits. Yet the crisis of confidence will, in all probability, be slow to find concrete political expression. Incipient disillusion with the West is not going to lead to any sudden re-orientation of West Germany's foreign policy. The Free Democrats, whatever their king-making propensities, are pledged under Dr Mende to a pro-western policy. (The nationalistic wing, extremely vocal some years ago, is now well under control.) Whether Dr Mende will stick to his guns and refuse to serve under Dr Adenauer, as I write, is still uncertain. But an Erhard-Mende coalition would be committed to political continuity with Dr Adenauer's policies.

Again, subliminal nationalism, resentful of western 'inactivity' after 13 August, has done nothing to save the small right-wing parties from virtual extinction. (It is likely that both the neo-Nazi German Reich Party and the Refugee-cum-German Party alliance will vanish altogether from national politics.) And, if old-fashioned right-wing nationalism is now obviously a dead duck, the extreme left-wing, neutralist DFU has equally failed to profit from the new mood of disillusion.

The SPD also profited from the remarkable collapse of the fringe parties. But the SPD has found it hard to disguise its bitter disappointment. The increase in its share of the poll from 31 to 36 per cent may have destroyed for ever the famous '30 per cent ghetto' in which the party has been languishing since the days of Weimar. But a poll of at least 40 per cent had been hoped for. The traditional inhibitions of German middle-class voters towards the SPD have proved far more stubborn than party leaders supposed.

Herr Brandt's tactics will probably be to manoeuvre toward a national coalition with the Christian Democrats to withstand Russian pressure in the autumn. Just now, the proposal meets with little response in either the CDU or SDP. But the situation is fluid. A prolonged crisis over the succession to Dr Adenauer would certainly be unpopular in western capitals and could well lead to a general demand in Germany for a grand coalition. At least such a coalition would be in a better position to cope with the unfortunate – and potentially very dangerous – emotions aroused by what so many West Germans took to be western impotence during those dreadful days when Herr Ulbricht was putting up his Berlin wall.

A Political Pugwash

KINGSLEY MARTIN

No reporters were present at the East, West and Between Conference on Disarmament, Berlin and Kindred Subjects (if I may invent a title) which took place in a London hotel last weekend. But as partial accounts of the Conference have appeared in the press, it seems best to give the facts in full and to assess their significance.

Pugwash, the annual East-West gathering of scientists, which began as a small and private affair, has developed into an influential conference to which, though it remains unofficial, governments pay attention. More than two years ago, Canon Collins had the notion of calling a similar political conference. It proved difficult to organise, largely because men of goodwill, in the West, well known for their activities in the cause of peace, were frightened of sitting at the same table with notorious Russians, disingenuous fellow-travellers and 'dangerous' Communists like Professor Bernal. The difficulty was therefore to obtain a balance of discussion and representation. Some of us held that the risk of smirching our Persil-white robes with red pitch was not a reason for failing to do what we could to stop a world war.

The result was a conference attended by about eight non-Soviet Communists and a similar number of fellow-travellers, who were balanced by a larger number of Americans, Germans, Scandinavians, English, Africans and Asians of varying non-Communist complexions. There were no financial sponsors; everyone made his or her own arrangements to attend. The conference was made important by the presence of two senior members of the Soviet Establishment. One was Ilya Ehrenburg and the second, Alexandre Korneichuk, who is a member of the Central Committee of the Soviet Communist Party and a Deputy of the Ukrainian Supreme Soviet. The views of Ehrenburg, who has never yet put a foot wrong in Soviet politics, are as good an indication as one can get of the winds that blow in Moscow, and Korneichuk is a member of the Soviet governing elite.

The debate was remarkably frank. We were uninhibited in our comments. The Russians did not denounce us as Fascist beasts when we told them in set terms that negotiations were made far more difficult by the Soviet renewal of tests; that Britain, France and Italy would not be kept out of war because Krushchev talked dangerous nonsense about their being 'Soviet hostages'; and that though talk of 'fighting for Berlin' was rubbish, war about Berlin could easily occur and would be more likely if the Soviet Union complicated negotiations by threats. Nor did the Russians demur when we said that, though it would be lunacy to destroy the world in the name of freedom, the US would certainly start to do so if access to Berlin were interfered with.

The western members of the conference were determined that there should be no resolution or pretence of agreement that was not based on a candid recognition of the facts. We would not be parties to a fellow-travelling resolution or a regurgitation of pious evasions. Happily, the Russians were of the same mind; they wasted very little time on self-justification or recrimination, even when it was justified. They were as ready as we were to discuss the realities.

On our side, we westerners agreed that Russia was justified in attempting to stop an irridentist West Germany from becoming nuclear-armed as a prelude to a third world war; we accepted Krushchev's demand that the West should recognise the fact of the two Germanys, and we recalled that he had recently repeated that the USSR would guarantee the liberty and 'way of life' (including free elections) in West Berlin, so long

as it was independent and neutralised, and that in that case the USSR would ensure freedom of access. The main Soviet contention appeared to be that Berlin must no longer be a 'bridgehead' of West Germany, carrying out a campaign of propaganda against the East. As long as they remain separate, East and West Germany must co-exist, observing the normal relations between neighbouring states. I foresee difficulties in defining legitimate and provocative propaganda, but there is both sense and hope in the Russian proposal that a treaty should be negotiated between the western powers and the Soviet Union and then endorsed by both Germanys and by the United Nations. Moreover it was repeated that the Russian recognition of East Germany is to take place 'before the end of the year'. This appears to mean in December, and not, as has been feared, at the October gathering of the Communist Parties. There is therefore still time for negotiation with the Russians; the Americans will not be forced to negotiate directly with East Germany.

The resolution, signed by members representing all the ideologies present, was forthright and detailed. It was reached after long, but amicable discussion. It has been issued to the press. It may be summarised as follows: Negotiations should at once begin with a view to setting up a statute recognising the independence of West Berlin with free access to it. This should be guaranteed by the presence of the UN. (It was suggested that a UN agency transferred from Rome or elsewhere might be housed in West Berlin, with the result of ensuring free access in the same way that UN headquarters does in New York. The two Germanys should be officially recognised; the resolution adds a provision that German reunification is a matter for future negotiations between the German Federal Republic and the DDR. The armed forces of both German states should be immediately reduced. Neither they nor Poland nor Czechoslovakia should have nuclear weapons. In this nuclear-free zone effective measures of inspection and control should be imposed. Immediate steps should be worked out leading to the goal of controlled world disarmament; this should be done under UN auspices with Communist China included. Section Three of the document runs:

> We deplore the resumption of nuclear testing and, reaffirming our attitude, we oppose war, nuclear weapons and all nuclear testing of any kind in the atmosphere, underground, underwater and in outer-space, both as intensifying preparations for nuclear war and as a danger to the health of present and future generations.

After demanding a halt to testing the resolution ends with the flat statement: 'There can be no victory for anybody in a nuclear war.'

It will be noticed that highly responsible Soviet politicians in signing this document have renounced the illusion of a possible Communist victory in war and have criticised their own government action in renewing tests.

How much significance can be given to such a conference? I see the resolution as outlining a commonsense conclusion which can be accepted by everyone who is still sane in Washington, London, Bonn, Berlin or Moscow. If some such settlement is to be reached negotiations must start soon. I think one may draw the conclusion that the Soviet signatories of this resolution represent moderate forces in Moscow which may not remain in charge there if negotiations are long delayed.

The Police at Midnight

ADAM ROBERTS

The author of this article, an Oxford undergraduate of 21, is the son of Janet Adam Smith and is well-known to us in this office as a witness of total truthfulness.

From five o'clock last Sunday I was in Trafalgar Square taking part in the Committee of 100's demonstration. As far as I could see, for most of the time the police behaviour, with certain exceptions, was restrained and sensible. That I want to emphasise at the outset, for this article describes what took place after midnight.

By midnight, we had been holding meetings in the Square for seven hours. Groups of 300 or so sitters, surrounded by those who either did not wish to sit or had no room to, had been singing and listening to impromptu speeches made by demonstrators. When we were informed that the Public Order Act had been extended to cover another day, it was decided that it would be impossible for us to break the police cordon and get to Parliament Square in a body without violence.

Those who wished to go peacefully home at midnight were encouraged to do so and about 1,000 people or more left, leaving a vigil of about 500 people who made it clear that they intended to stay in Trafalgar Square until ten o'clock the next morning, when Bertrand Russell was to be released.

At this point the police, who outnumbered the sitters, moved in on us with extraordinary violence and I personally was dragged, kicked, shoved . . . and eventually left lying on my back. Then a policeman came up to me and quite deliberately raised his foot above me and kicked me in the stomach, near the kidneys. He then left in the direction he had come from. Afterwards, half conscious, I was dragged, carried, kicked and thrown into the road. Still limp, I was thrown into the bus.

In the bus, I was informed by a police officer that I had been arrested by Police Constable V 636, which may or may not be true. We had a long discussion in the bus on various legal questions: no one had any idea of what we would be charged with, and we were all afraid that it was the Public Order Act. The police, all friendly again, said that our conversation sounded like that of a lot of lawyers.

On arrival at Bow Street, I and three others explained to the police that, if they wanted us in the police station, they would have to carry us. We said we appreciated that they were tired, and we sympathised. But they immediately told a girl beside me to get out in rather menacing tones. She did not reply and was bodily thrown out of the bus on to the pavement in the courtyard of Bow Street Police Station. I was then dragged out of the bus, kicked, told to get up, and thrown against the railings. Two other men received the same treatment. Again we were told to get up, and surrounded by about a dozen policemen. They started kicking us, and then a police sergeant came with a hose and drenched us.

I remember that while all this was happening, an enormous policewomen said: 'What do they know about the bomb anyway?' This infuriated me and nearly roused me to violence, as it did the girl next to me, with whom I had been having a peaceful discussion in the bus about Games Theory and whether 'intelligent' nuclear policies were in fact any better than stupid nuclear policies.

We still refused to walk in, saying that we had no interest in legal trivialities and if they wished to involve us in them they would have to carry us. The sergeant wielding the hose, who can be identified by a witness of the scene, was told by an officer to stop, but continued playing it on us for some time. The same witness has told me that I was being kicked all this time, but I hardly remember anything of it.

Then we were each carried into the police station in turn by about eight policemen, rather more than seemed necessary. They deliberately bumped us on the steps and I was actually thrown about six feet on to the floor of the Charge Room. Several people witnessed this, including a woman demonstrator who asked me my name. I shouted it out as she was hustled away. I was told to get up on the bench or else. I replied as previously that if they wanted me there, this was their concern. I was absolutely non-violent and indeed I was physically incapable of offering violence by this time.

At this point a policeman said: 'All right: take him where there aren't any witnesses.' Six policemen dragged me with the roughness I had by now come to expect down a corridor. At first two held my arms in Chinese Twists while the other four kicked. Then they let my arms go but went on kicking – though I hardly remember anything except the well-built policewoman who had already maddened me saying: 'Kick him harder, kick him harder.'

Eventually one of the policemen said: 'For goodness sake, stop.' Mercifully, they did stop after a while, and I felt that I had no alternative but to co-operate when they ordered me back to the Charge Room. The charge against me was that 'Having been made acquainted with directions given by the Commissioner of Police under Section 52 of the Metropolitan Police Act of 1839', I did 'wilfully disregard them'.

That was the first time, so far as I know, that the police had made me or anyone else who had been in my bus acquainted with that Act. I refused bail because it was too late to get home and in order to be tried quickly. Then I spent a cold, wet, bruised and sleepless night in a Police Area House in Broadwick Street.

I was tried on the Monday at about five o'clock in the evening. I pleaded Not Guilty, and PC V 636 said on oath that I had been made acquainted with the 1839 Act in Trafalgar Square. It is no doubt possible that, when I was half conscious, a friendly policeman came up and started telling me about the Metropolitan Police Act of 1839, but I certainly do not remember it. I should be surprised if this had happened amidst those scenes of violence in the Square. Then I went into the witness box and tried to describe what had been done to me. (So far as my injuries are concerned, I was carefully examined by my family doctor on Monday. She said that the injuries I had sustained were quite consistent with my story.)

After I had made my complaint the police did not think it worth contradicting a word I said and the Magistrate disputed only one point. He said he could not believe that I had been dragged away and 'beaten up by six officers'. I then left the witness box and walked back to the dock. Sir Robert Blundell gave me the standard fine of £1.

London Diary

CHARON

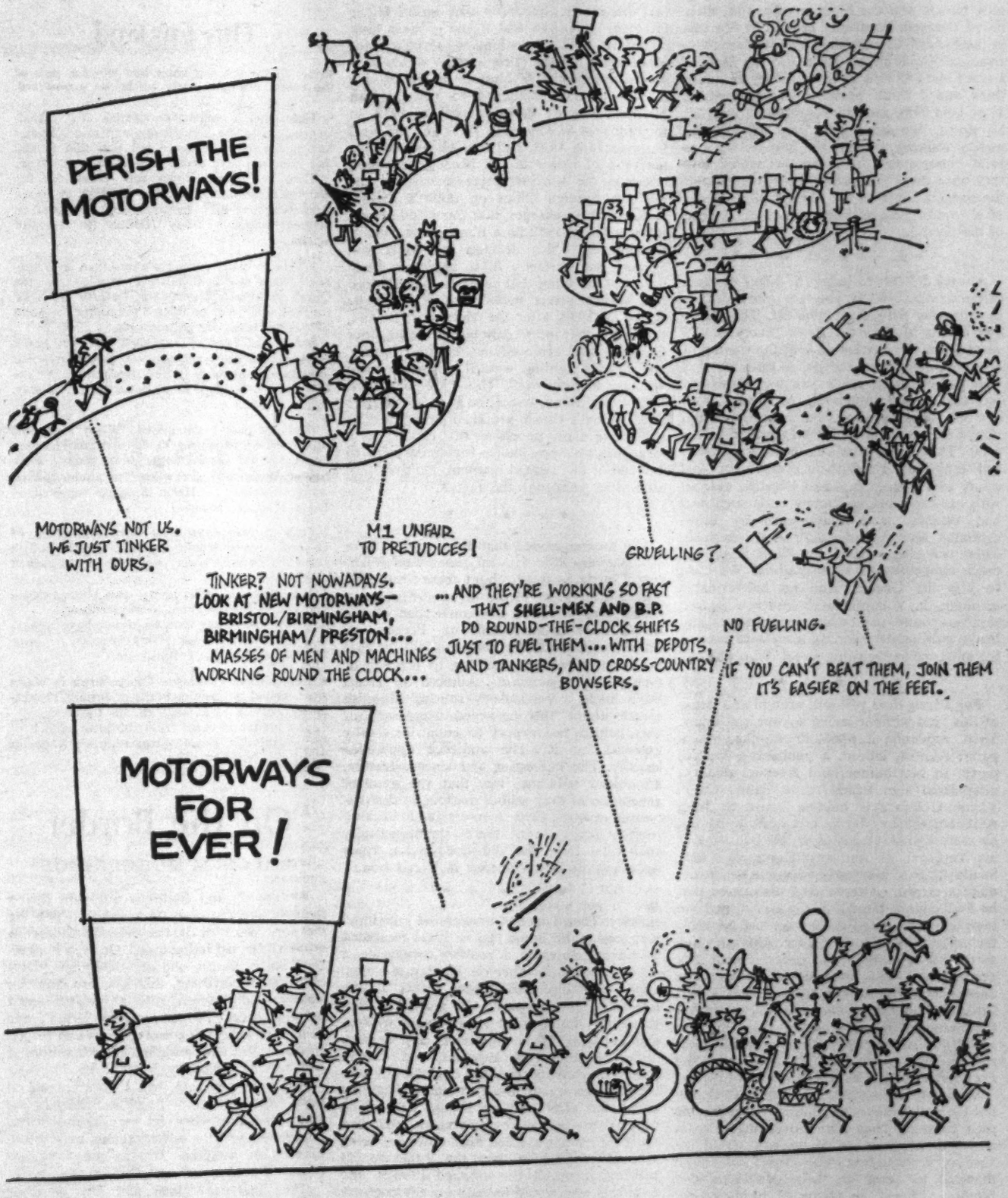
The rumour that the ban on speeches and marching last Sunday came, originally, from the Commissioner of Police rather than the Home Secretary, could be supported by the strategy adopted. Huge masses of bluebottles or helmeted police were mobilised. At 3.30, just as the rain was stopping and one of those evocative dripping grey London atmospheres was building up, I walked up the steps between the India Office and the Foreign Office. From inside the FO I heard a strange muffled roar. Foreign, indeed. I glanced left, through the bars. Scores of policemen, sitting on the steps, were sharing a professional joke. The tactics of containment employed, which were to let the demonstrators enter Trafalgar Square and then hem them in there with solid police cordons, are peculiarly characteristic of Sir Joseph Simpson's mind. He is, as I know, a most painstaking, industrious, and, according to his lights, able person; but imagination is not his strong point. As a boy at Oundle, he was renowned as the most solid type of rugger forward – the antithesis of the romantic winger. Simpson, they said, puts his head down and shoves in the scrum long before the ball is in. The difficulty is to get him to look up again. This scrum-mania of his, perhaps, accounts for the fantastic success, in terms of publicity, which, as everyone agrees, the Committee of 100's demo achieved. By this I don't mean to detract in any way from the courage of either the star performers like Vanessa Redgrave, Doris Lessing, Shelagh Delaney, Lady Read, Sir Herbert Read, John Osborne, Alan Sillitoe, or the rank-and-file sitters. But almost the only organised move was the stars' entry from the National Gallery. The rest of the planning was provided by the police.

* * *

Even when you have mass support around you to rely upon, it is not much fun being picked up and dragged about. I discussed this question earnestly with a professional demo-spectator whom I found myself standing next to on the rim of a fountain. Dolphins gushed behind us. Pigeons and starlings, disturbed out of their wits but mercifully continent, wheeled in clouds; the bells of St Martin-in-the-Fields were tolling some children's hymn. 'You've got to hand it to this lot,' said the professional spectator. 'Exhibitionists they may be but they mean business. This wet sitting for hours on end is not my lark.' He went on to give me an elaborate catalogue of the various forces which he was convinced the authorities held in reserve. These included not only the usual squadrons of mounted police but also at least a battalion of guards. Later, in process of being moved on and on, past the offices of the Privy Council where they were also advertising 'Amphibious Warfare HQ', I was ready to believe him.

* * *

How did the police behave? I was in and around the busy arena of Trafalgar Square roughly from four o'clock until midnight. During the first four hours or so the atmosphere, as far as I could judge, was semi-relaxed with some tension building up. Here and there police barged unnecessarily but their handling of sitters, though sometimes rough, was not brutal. Later, after dark, with


PERISH THE MOTORWAYS!
MOTORWAYS NOT US. WE JUST TINKER WITH OURS.
M1 UNFAIR TO PREJUDICES!
GRUELLING?
TINKER? NOT NOWADAYS. LOOK AT NEW MOTORWAYS— BRISTOL/BIRMINGHAM, BIRMINGHAM/PRESTON... MASSES OF MEN AND MACHINES WORKING ROUND THE CLOCK...
...AND THEY'RE WORKING SO FAST THAT SHELL-MEX AND B.P. DO ROUND-THE-CLOCK SHIFTS JUST TO FUEL THEM... WITH DEPOTS, AND TANKERS, AND CROSS-COUNTRY BOWSERS.
NO FUELLING.
IF YOU CAN'T BEAT THEM, JOIN THEM IT'S EASIER ON THE FEET.
MOTORWAYS FOR EVER!

Facts worth remembering:—(1) Shell-Mex and B.P. Ltd are major fuel suppliers on Britain's new Motorways, as they were on M1. (2) They have the most experience in supplying fuels to road-building machinery on the site, day or night.

SHELL-MEX AND B.P. LTD — WORKING ROUND-THE-CLOCK ON BRITAIN'S MOTORWAYS

only Nelson and the fountains flood-lit, their mood changed. Especially around St Martin-in-the-Fields. My press card was suddenly disregarded. Couldn't get back into the Square. I saw Canon Collins being seized by certainly three and I think possibly four policemen. They held him, protesting justifiably with all his limbs, like some giant rare fly. He was merely walking towards the Square. Various local connoisseurs of police behaviour said that once the TV cameras were switched off the coppers could let fly. My last glimpse was of a row of post-midnight sitters at the end of the Strand.

* * *

Always difficult to judge the effect of these demonstrations when you are more or less in sympathy with them yourself. The cheers and chants of 'Ban the Bomb' every time a sitter-down was carried off and the waving of arrested sitters from the police buses as they were driven away, made you feel somebody was united with somebody. As always, with a CND demonstration, the beat or exhibitionist element gets wildly exaggerated by the press. Three girls in stiletto heels and South-end-sombreros; I saw them everywhere. And a boy with a green face and a leather casquet with ear-flaps and corkscrew curls such as I had thought were only worn by ultra-orthodox Jews, became difficult to overlook. There was also a dwarf, for whom it was too much altogether; he kept shouting. 'We want to kiss the Queen.' And an indescribable eccentric in a continental student's peaked cap, near-pink suit, white tennis shoes and heavy gold anklet, twirling a malacca cane at the entrance to Downing Street. Who was he?

* * *

For a long time you mill around at a demo of this kind without seeing anyone you know. Then, suddenly, it turns, dream-like, into a party. Almost, indeed, a publisher's cocktail party. In Northumberland Avenue, under a dilapidated sign which reads 'Safari Club', Victor Gollancz is holding court. St John Ambulance men offer to carry him away but he prefers to sit on his chair. He hails one of his authors: 'I am advertising you next Sunday'. His assured benevolence attracts quite a crowd. (Afterwards I discovered that he had injured himself badly and must have been in great pain.) At moments I begin to feel an affinity with the George Gordon riots, as described in *Barnaby Rudge*, except that everyone is so cheerful and well-meaning. No animosity, no mad Hugh or sinister Gashford, though more than one Barnaby. Are there any *agents provocateurs*? I can't be sure about one young man who at a certain difficult strategic point suddenly cried out: 'the Committee of 100 asks you all to sit down'.

Who won this game of bluff? Certainly not the authorities. The demonstrators proved their courage. They also proved that a mass sit-down by tens of thousands could be absolutely paralysing. The crowd was more than 50 per cent on their side. Was it a famous victory? In terms of publicity for bomb-banning, yes, I think so.

* * *

The East German propaganda sheet, *German Democratic Report*, regularly grinds its axe against former Nazis in high places under the Adenauer regime. But while I would treat anything from this source with the greatest caution, I feel one cannot ignore the allegations made against Hasso von Etzdorf, the new ambassador from Bonn, who is to arrive in London this month. The *Report* states that this career diplomat – who served Hitler Germany in Tokyo and Rome – has a long record of political extremism, starting with membership of the 'Free Corps' which suppressed the 1918 revolution in Berlin. He is said to have belonged to the German National People's Party as early as 1919, to the militarist *Stahlhelm* in 1923, and the Nazi Party in June 1933. By 1938 he was holding the rank of major in the Nazi stormtroops, and was the wartime representative of the German Foreign Office on Hitler's general staff. All these charges, it is fair to add, were investigated in 1952 by a Bonn parliamentary commission, which decided that Herr von Etzdorf was perfectly fit to represent Bonn abroad. One thing that seems to have helped him was a secret memorandum which he signed in 1939, after the victory in Poland, suggesting that the war should be ended, since Germany had achieved her 'ethnic frontiers' and further fighting would 'jeopardise what we have already won'. This 1952 'clearance' may satisfy Bonn, but if the facts about Herr von Etzdorf's career are accurately given he will strike many people in this country as a singularly unhappy choice for ambassador to London at this critical moment. Do the Bonn authorities challenge the facts?

* * *

I've long suspected that Prep schools have changed very little with the times. And whenever I write as much about these 'little Belsens' I always get plenty of confirmation. A friend who attended the conference of the Incorporated Association of Preparatory Schools at Oxford last week-end tells me that the form shown was well up to pre-war or even pre-1914 standards. Admiral Sir Denis Boyd made a particularly rousing blimpish speech about 'this cockeyed democracy of ours [which] we export to countries totally unsuited for it.' The audience applauded heartily. The interesting and sinister feature, my friend tells me, was that the younger generation of Prep school masters, in chukka-boots, cavalry twill trousers and hacking jackets, were even more enthusiastically vociferous than the old-time Jovian types patterned on Dr Grimstone in *Vice-Versa*.

* * *

Just how strange and unexpected individual reactions to the Bomb can be I was reminded by an encounter in a railway compartment on my way to London on Sunday morning. Large, amiable, middle-aged, with Jimmy Edwards-type moustache, he started a conversation. He confided in a hoarse whisper that his wife was a prominent civil defence leader in south-west England, and a man from the Ministry had told her: 'If the balloon did go up we must expect five million killed, but after that we should be striking back so hard they wouldn't know what had hit them'. What worried him, however, being a middle-aged man, was the threat to his security from all the escaped loonies and criminals who would be roaming the countryside. I tried to reassure him by pointing out that the lunatic and criminal population would probably be, in any case, greatly reduced. He then said another dire thought had struck him, which was that if a nuclear strike was made the casualties would include huge numbers of dogs and horses. All I could say to this was that he had better get in touch with Crufts and Pat Smythe and see if he couldn't form a special Doggie and Horsey group of nuclear disarmers, mounted and spurred.

This England

Prizes £1 for the first entry and 10/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

The cinema manager cleared his throat, stepped up to the microphone and said: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I have to tell you that Russia and America have declared war on each other'.

Then he stepped down and waited for the reaction. One man shouted: 'Hurray'. A dozen women left the hall. The other 200 just went on playing bingo. – *Daily Herald*. (B. Macduff Sellars.)

Where so many people are mistaken is in supposing that the royal palate is exotic – that the Queen breakfasts on caviare, lunches on larks' tongues, and dines on filleted porcupine. In point of fact her tastes are quite simple.

She is not fond of any shell fish, but has a weakness for game and venison, particularly if it is shot by a member of the royal circle. As she has said: 'It tastes so much better then'. – *Today*. (Sheila Slater.)

'I've got plans', she added. 'When I get lots of money I'll move up to Town from Hackney and get a car. And I'll put some money away for when I'm old, for when I'm about 16 and want to retire'. – Helen Shapiro reported in *Daily Mail*. (B. Munro.)

Only a few days after the resumption of H-bomb tests by Russia and America, Ormskirk's last Civil Defence social organisation has packed up.

It is disposing of its assets—two billiard tables and £30 in cash—among local charities.

'The trouble was that we didn't have a bar', said the chairman, Mr Harry Spencer. – *Ormskirk Advertiser*. (R. J. Rathbone.)

The German Panzers at Castlemartin in Wales were invited to attend a Battle of Britain Thanksgiving Service at a local church today.

The invitation came from the local branch of the Royal Air Force Association. – *Reynolds News*. (E. Nunn.)

On the Border

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

We are ill, and Berlin is our pain. Being there is like anxiously touching and probing the sore place. Is it the dreaded cancerous growth? Or just indigestion? Or even imaginary? So, in Berlin, one ceaselessly speculates on what, if anything, this macabre situation signifies and portends, until, at last, nauseated by the sheer futility of wondering, one decides to have a few more drinks and forget. If cancer, it will develop. If indigestion, it will pass. If imaginary, it never was.

Berlin, in any case, has always seemed to me a place of doom. I saw it briefly in the Isherwood era, when its very abandon and decadence were as self-conscious as a scoutmaster on a spree. It was an *unheiliger Nacht*, a poisoned *Wurst*.

Then, under the Nazis, with Jews cowering in their shops, and seedy storm-troopers self-importantly pushing their way along the pavements. Then, at the end of the war, those acres and acres of sheer rubble, like the mountains of the moon, across which the grey-faced living picked their way, barely to be distinguished from the grey-faced dead. The place, at that time, seemed obliterated, gone, never to be reconstructed.

Reconstructed it nevertheless was; on the one side in glass and neon, on the other in the jerry-built People's Rococco of the Stalin-

The newspaper you read has never mattered more

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allee. Through the Brandenburg gate, one passed disconsolately from one side to the other, appalled in different ways by both the *Wunderwirtschaft* and the *Hungerwirtschaft*. In the lush Hilton Hotel, one quaffed iced-martini draughts of freedom, ate rich portions of it, admired its shapely legs, and heard from hidden amplifiers its sounds and sweet airs. Along the bleak Friedrichstrasse, posters announced the dazzling achievements of Herr Ulbricht's regime, and loud-speakers blared forth joyful tidings of the many blessings it had bestowed, and would bestow, upon its fortunate citizens.

The wall now separating the two sides only makes explicit a separation which before had been implicit. It transforms a prison without bars into one with bars. The wall is never unattended. Tanks and troops and armed police guard it, and behind them crowds collect, watching and waiting. They signal across the wall, climb lamp-posts to wave handkerchiefs, raise coloured umbrellas, shout and weep and wave their arms in poignant semaphore. It is a harrowing scene.

At the Friedrichstrasse station a similar crowd waits. The trains still come in there from West Berlin, but with only a very few passengers; mostly holders of foreign passports, and an occasional West German who has managed to get a pass. Those waiting hope that someone somehow will arrive, or perhaps just want to remind themselves that there still is communication of sorts between the two parts of the city – like the peasants in remote parts of Siberia who gather to watch the Moscow train go by. I saw one at least of the Friedrichtstrasse watchers rewarded. His sweetheart arrived from West Berlin. They fell into each other's arms, and the rest of us averted our eyes to accord them the privacy that their happiness deserved.

Where the sector boundary is a street, the lower storey windows are walled up. From the upper windows residents, mostly elderly, survey what goes on with avid curiosity. There have been several escapes by jumping out, one at least ending fatally. Now *Volkspolizei* rigidly control access to the upper storeys. These *Vopos* themselves sometimes jump over the wall into West Berlin. Mostly, they are Teddy boys in uniform, with vacant, puzzled faces, who find it as difficult to explain why they flourished their weapons on one side of the wall as why they chose to come to the other side and relinquish them. A crew cut settles the difference; rock and roll seals their new allegiance.

Though the wall has made no essential difference, its effect is to accentuate the characteristics of the two sectors. In the western part the many dogs being exercised look smaller, and those exercising them bigger. The Kurfürstendamm lights shine with a more vacuous brightness, like new dentures in an old face; the various erotic attractions, with their perverse undertones, seem wrapped in thicker Cellophane and deeper-frozen. It is all more than ever like a Metro-Goldwin-Mayer production, a lavish spectacular, with no expense spared on the costumes, the properties, the sets or the extras.

As for the eastern part – it is pure 1984. The workers assemble with their red banners to thank Ulbricht for walling them up, and, like a studio audience, applaud as and when required. Speeches and applause are carried to distant, empty squares and streets, sounding weirdly across their emptiness. The backdrop is blitzed buildings, still unrepaired, with gaping windows, and open to the sky. When the speeches at last are over, the workers move off in orderly processions, singing songs about *Sonnenschein*.

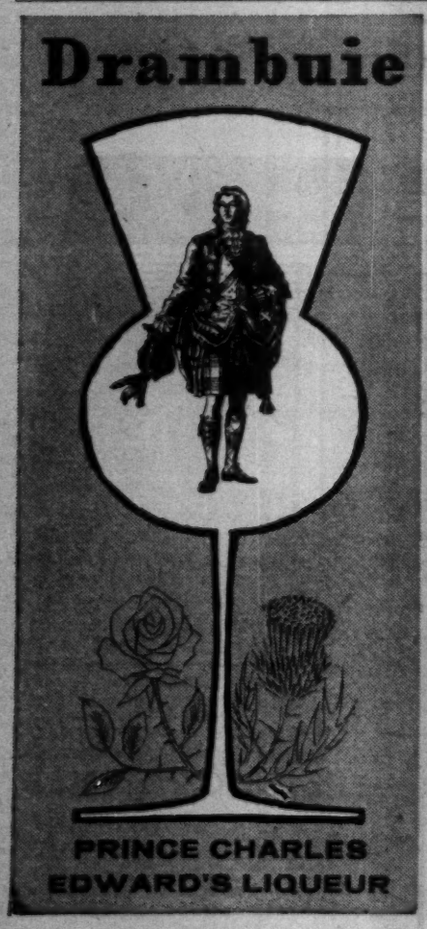
At night the street lamps burn dimly. There is little traffic, and voices are silent. The whole place creates a hushed, subdued impression. Alcohol is the only commodity in plentiful supply – potato schnapps without potatoes, as someone wryly remarked. Drunks are frequent, and one often glimpses alcoholically glowing eyes in a face which is otherwise pallid and dejected. A derelict, run-down place, yet curiously enough, in some ways more congenial than the *Wunderwirtschaft* on the other side.

The East Berliners live where the Kennans cease from troubling and the Lippmans are at rest. Wry jokes provide a more appropriate reaction to their circumstances than political or strategic speculation. They have nothing to lose but their Ulbricht. There are spiritual compensations in thus having a government so evidently detestable that it is beyond controversy, and newspapers so evidently slanted and so infinitely tedious that they need not be read. It has often seemed to me that the Communists, in abolishing freedom, infallibly create it, while the Americans, in defending freedom, as infallibly destroy it. Perhaps, even the outcome of the Cold War will turn on whether Communist-sponsored regimes create more of an allergy to Communism than American-sponsored ones create a propensity to it. There is no fellow-travelling behind the Iron Curtain. Brains are washed on both sides of the wall, but Communist brain-washing washes whiter.

In West Berlin, on the other hand, the 'German problem' is omnipresent. Discussion of it is quenchless and interminable; ceaselessly continued over meals, in cafes and seminars and at press conferences, in newspapers and magazines, on the air and on the ground alike. A Japanese, with the methodical diligence of his race, has committed to memory a single pregnant observation, which he pronounces with sibilant earnestness on all possible occasions: in Berlin there is no feeling of crisis, but a crisis of feeling. It goes down well. An amiable Pakistani exhorts us to beware lest, in making concessions over Berlin, the sanctity of international agreements should be jeopardised. He ingeniously, and at some length, brings in Kashmir. A Ghanaian with a bow tie and a conceited smile questions whether Berlin is worth a nuclear war. Another African of a larger build delivers a spirited oration in French in the same sense; it is, however, only imperfectly understood.

A German professor with great cogency outlines a plan which, if acceptable to Mr Krushchev, would keep Germany in principle united, and Berlin in principle free, and all of us in principle alive. A military adviser to the British embassy (or was he a political adviser to the British forces?) presciently observes that someone sometime is going to get a bloody nose, and Sir William Hayter, in diluted Foreign Office accents, remarks that we shall have to live with the Berlin situation for many a long year yet. This prospect, I reflected, can be envisaged with more equanimity in New College, Oxford, than on the Berlin sector boundary.

All were unanimous that the wall has come to stay. I slipped away to have another look at it. There it stood, in the dusk looking ridiculously low, the barbed wire above it invisible, with shadowy *Vopos* on the other side, and, on both sides, a few Berliners still silently waiting. One could almost, it seemed, vault over it – a frail, low wall dividing a city, a people, a world.



Red Menace

MORDECAI RICHLER

'How,' Tansky wanted to know, 'could he have created the whole lousy world in seven lousy days when even in this modern scientific age it takes longer than that to build one lousy house? Answer me that, big mouth'.

Tansky was certainly a Commie. But the regulars at his Cigar & Soda in Montreal were tolerant, for on St Urbain Street, our St Urbain, one man had a wife, a *yachne*, with a mouth like the Grand Canyon, and another suffered for two together from asthma. Every man had a personal sadness in his life: nobody was without his specially cherished madness. Takifman, for instance, given the chance, would quote you into the ground from the Talmud. Berger went regularly to the herbalist when, as everybody knew, the problem was with his wife. Miller swore by science and Paul de Kruif. With Tansky, the answer to everything was Communism.

'But if you ask me,' Harry said, '*all* politicians are dirty crooks. Promise, promise, promise, that's before elections. All they want to do is line their pockets.'

Many of Tansky's regulars were non-voters like my Uncle Harry, but the horse players and a majority of the gin rummy crowd always voted for the Liberal candidate because their sons, McGill students, were hired each time there was a federal, provincial or civic election, to go down to the cemeteries with notebooks and compile lists

of all those who had died since the last census. Other students were hired to represent the dead at the polls.

'That's the only way the lousy Liberals could ever elect one of their candidates,' Tansky said.

'Let's face it,' Lou said, 'in Russia there's no problem.'

Tansky was the first of many Communists I have known, and he was always extremely kind to me. When I came into his store on a message, he gave me a chocolate biscuit or maybe a piece of bubble gum. Only once did he demanded that I commit myself politically. 'Awright,' he said as I entered the store. 'Ask the kid. He can tell us.'

'Gwan. He's still wet behind the ears. What does he know?'

'Do you study Canadian history at your lousy school?' Tansky asked.

'Sure.'

'Awright, what does it say in your book? That the Indians were lied to, cheated, and exploited left, right and centre by lousy imperialist bastards like Jacques Cartier or that the so-called noble explorers saved Canada from the savages?'

'It says Jacques Cartier was a hero. La-Salle too. It says they were very brave against the Indians.'

'You see, at the age of ten they're already stuffing their heads with capitalist propaganda. I'll bet there's nothing in their lousy book about the fortunes those bringers-of-Christianity made on the fur market.'

Although I liked Mr Tansky very much indeed, my grandfather would not step into his store because he remained open on Yom Kippur. Our family was orthodox; we did not like Communists; but there was some confusion about who and what actually was a Communist. To begin with I was led to believe that a Communist was somebody who wrung chickens' necks rather than have them slaughtered according to the orthodox ritual. For when I saw Bernie Huberman's mother doing just that to a chicken in her back yard I was given a simple explanation, 'She's a Communist. A *roite*.' The people downstairs turned out to be Communists too, and I was warned not to speak to them. They moved in around ten o'clock one summer night while we sat on the balcony above, cracking peanuts and eating watermelon.

'You see all those little boxes they're moving in,' Uncle Harry whispered.

'Yeah,' my father said eagerly.

'You notice how they're all the same size?'

'Yeah.'

'You see how they're all very heavy?'

'Yeah. So?'

'You wait,' Uncle Harry said, leaning back in his chair. 'You wait, Sam.'

The next night there was a distinct rumble downstairs, and every Wednesday a panel truck came to pick up small boxes. 'They've got an underground printing press,' my father would tell visitors. 'A secret newspaper *right downstairs from us*.'

There were no self-confessed *roites* with me at Bancroft School, but once I got into Fletcher's Field High there were plenty of them. Take Danny Feldman, for instance. Danny, who sat only two seats away from me in Room 39, was a paid-up member of the Young Communist League, and he came in for lots of heckling from the other boys. Danny retaliated by ridiculing our interest in Canadian sports heroes like Rocket Richard and Johnny Greco. These were idiotic distractions, he said, a trick to take our minds off the exploitation of our working-class parents. We guffawed. We made jokes. Meanwhile, Danny quietly infiltrated the Cadet

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Corps and Students' Council. One day he was a civilian and the next he was a cadet major, with access to our sub-basement arsenal; and the Students' Council had got up a petition to demand free milk at lunch hours and a ban on the strap. All this came about while our interests, as we began to encourage beards and passed from grade nine to ten, shifted from Rocket Richard to Lili St Cyr's striptease act at the Gaiety Theatre. Our latest obsession did not please Danny, either. 'I've never met such a bunch of decadent jerks in my life,' he said.

'Have you seen her, but?'

'Jeez.'

'It's art, you know. She does it to classical music.'

Danny lectured us on the wholesome nature of women. He said the striptease was just another form of capitalist degradation and, turning to Shubiner, he asked, 'How would you like to see your mother strip on the stage?'

'You're looking for a punch in the nose. I'm warning you.'

Danny and I, it developed, shared one characteristic. Neither of us joined in when they sang *God Save The King* at school assemblies. Danny hated all kings and I was against British policy in Palestine. We had something else in common, too, or so I hoped. Only the other night my Uncle Harry had said, 'You know those Communist youth clubs?'

'Yeah,' my father said eagerly.

'You know they have parties every Friday?'

'Yeah, So?'

'Boy. Oh, boy.'

'*What?*'

Uncle Harry jerked his cigar discreetly in my direction.

'Go and do your homework,' my father said.

From then on when the other boys in class heckled Danny I leaped to his defence. 'What are we here, anyway? A pack of Fascists? Let Danny speak his piece. This is a free country.'

'Sez who?'

'Danny never did you any harm.'

'I don't like his dumb kisser; OK? It makes me want to puke.'

Danny and I walked home from school together. I hinted that I would be interested in meeting some kids who took life more seriously, and I told him an off-colour Jewish story, hoping to work the subject round to girls.

'You're a chauvinist,' Danny said.

'Oh, yeah. Is that bad like?'

'Well, it's not good. Listen, would you be interested in going to a party on Friday night?'

'Don't mind if I do,' I said.

That was Tuesday. Wednesday I went to Irving's Barbershop and got a Hollywood haircut. Thursday I got my one-button roll sports jacket out of the cleaners and bought a tie. Friday I put on my new trousers (they were pegged some round the cuffs) and I was ready an hour early. When Danny finally picked me up I was shocked to see that he was wearing the same dirty old sweater and baggy trousers he came to school in.

Well, that was some party. They *did* have a gramophone, but nobody could boogie. (It wouldn't have mattered anyway. The only records around were by Paul Robeson.) A fuzzy-haired girl with a guitar sat on the floor and led a folk-singing session. *Joe Hill, Los Quatro Generales.* When my turn for a request came I slipped my arm around the girl who sat next to me and asked for an old favourite that began,

If all the girls were like Hedy Lamarr,
I'd work half as hard and get twice as far.

'Who brought *that* here?' somebody said.

'All-You-Eta,' I suggested quickly. 'How's about that? It's kind of a gag version of *Alouette.* It goes 'All-you-eta, think of all-you-eta . . .'

Danny gave me a poke. 'Shettup,' he said.

'What'sa matter?' I said. 'That's a clean one.'

'It happens to be a tasteless corruption of one of our few authentic Canadian folk songs,' the girl with the fuzzy hair said.

I was embarrassed. But, all the same, I had made new friends. I began to read the 'wrong' books. 'We ought to have free medical treatment in Canada,' I told my father.

'And what would happen to your Cousin Seymour when he graduates? Smart guy.'

I pointed out that the coming American presidential election was a fraud. A battle between Chicago and Wall Street capital.

'He's a Commie,' Uncle Harry said.

My Aunt Libby was already convinced I was a Communist because I went without a hat, an offence against the orthodox religion. 'I'm not a Communist,' I said.

'After all the money I spent on your education,' my father said.

'A *real* Communist,' Uncle Harry said.

'Look here, just because the Communists happen to agree with some of *my* ideas doesn't mean . . .'

'Don't talk yourself blue in the face. You're a Communist, that's all.'

'For the last time . . .'

'But a guy should stand up for what he is. If you're a Communist you're a Communist. Don't apologize for yourself. I can't stand liars.'

Encounter ★

USUALLY we highlight the four or five items in the current *ENCOUNTER* which are most likely to interest *N.S.* readers. The October issue (just out) is so packed with good things that we can only list them thus:

★ **Albert Camus:** *From a Writer's Notebook*, giving fascinating insights into his published work. **Dan Jacobson:** *a story.* **Douglas Cooper:** *Graham Sutherland's Religious Paintings*, with four pages of illustrations. **John Wain:** on *George Orwell.* **Mark Abrams:** *Class and Politics*, an analysis of voting attitudes. **Henry Fairlie:** *On the Monarchy*, a reply to Malcolm Muggeridge. **William Sansom:** *'La Dolce Aquavita*, a letter from Bath. **Philip Toynbee:** on *Hemingway.* **D. T. Suzuki:** a leading authority challenges Koestler's *A · Stink of Zen.* **Edward Shils** and **Colin Legum:** on *Africa.* **Sebastian Haffner:** on *Berlin.* **Martin Esslin:** *Brecht's Poems and un-Poems.*

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Correspondence

THE WORLD CRISIS

SIR, – One can respect John Hunter's liberal sentiments, but hardly his logic. Those of us who are now advocating recognition of the GDR, together with a negotiated settlement about the future status of Berlin, are just as concerned about the fate of the East Germans. But short of a major nuclear war, there just is no conventional way of liberating them. Indeed, far from passing a life sentence on them, recognition of the GDR could do much to improve the lot of its citizens, for it would go some way to removing the chronic sense of insecurity and inferiority which is undoubtedly responsible for so many of the repressive measures of Ulbricht's regime.

Moreover, refusal to recognise the GDR implies a refusal to recognise the Oder-Neisse line as the basis of the German-Polish frontier, and in the view of the eastern bloc the present Federal government, not without a certain amount of support from the West, is simply refusing to admit the consequences of Hitler's war. Anyway, the GDR will continue to exist, whatever we in the West may think of it, and now that reunification, as it might conceivably have been brought about any time up till about 1955, is quite clearly out of the question, isn't there at least a possibility that the two German states, once they have been accorded equal status, will find some way of living side by side in comparative peace? Given time and some relaxation of international tension, they might even take advantage of a common language and culture to build a unique kind of bridge between East and West.

DAVID BRETT-EVANS

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SIR, – Our politically conscious young people, as I see it, are proposing a vote of no confidence in the obsolete professionalism of an outmoded generation.

Nothing could have been more sickening, these last few months, than to observe how politicians everywhere, in their international approaches, have stuck fast to a series of traditionally stereotyped rules that have long been perilously inappropriate: such as that you must never commit yourself until you can positively no longer avoid doing so; that you must study with meticulous care any statement by the prospective enemy, to make certain that there are no traps in it; that you must always preserve space for manoeuvre; that you must never agree to a conference till you have so 'prepared' for it as to ensure your own maximum success; that you must always suspect other people's motives; that you must abjure candour like the devil; that you must never give anything away, unless by so doing you may get something; that gullibility is the ultimate vice; and that tit for tat is of the very essence. The origin of all this was the idea that international politics is a power-game with wins and losses at stake, and that the only proper weapon to play it with is the mixture as described. The result has inevitably been, as technical resources have grown, a series of ever bigger and ever viler wars.

Now there were times, before Hiroshima, when politicians might have defended these hack and unregenerate procedures with a show of reason if not of morality. They might have argued, whenever war threatened, and commonly in fact did argue, 'If we play the game well we may get something out of it'; or 'by standing firm we may call their bluff and avert war'; or 'if war comes we may win'. They may argue like that no longer. No one can get anything out of an atomic war. No one can win an atomic war. As to 'averting' an atomic war, to talk like that is to suggest that Soviet Russia might deliberately launch one, which is axiomatically nonsensical.

There is only one danger of atomic war, namely a comparatively trivial incident, like the Archduke's murder, in an atmosphere of hatred and fear: and by playing the old game in the old way – by titting for tatting and all the rest of it – politicians everywhere are so inflaming this atmosphere that the danger some time or other will become a certainty, and war will be on us.

What is wanted, then, on our side – for Mr Krushchev is unlikely to take the initiative – is not merely a modification of outmoded techniques, but their total abandonment and their replacement, in a revolutionary situation, by revolutionary behaviour. If we, the Allies, could find the strength to break in on this circle of wickedness: if we could offer to meet Soviet Russia with a total lack of conditions (this lack of conditions, this nakedness, so to speak, is the whole point: this alone can make a break in the endless succession of 'if you, then we'): if we could speak to her – meaning it – as the better sort speak to their neighbour at the height of a quarrel – nothing, given the situation as it is, could be lost, and the whole world, in the inevitably transformed atmosphere, might be gained.

But something could indeed be lost, I shall be told: we might find ourselves succumbing to one demand after another, until we all passed, without war, under Soviet domination. I do not believe it. But, if so, then I would ask the following. Which indeed, false heroics apart, would be physically and spiritually worse: Soviet domination, or (a) the agony, and the sudden or lingering death, of billions; (b) a remnant creeping about on a contaminated earth, ruled inevitably, in such conditions, by the harshest totalitarianism; (c) an end, perhaps for centuries and perhaps for ever, to the culture that has given us Beethoven and to the morality that has given us Christ; and (d) generation after generation cursing, in their bodily and mental distortions, the day they were born?

VICTOR GOLLANCZ

SIR, – Whatever objections one may voice, and plenty of people have plenty against any method used in any social action, it cannot be denied that the primary purpose of the Committee of 100, to get the danger of nuclear-war on to the front pages of mind, heart and mass communication, was achieved on Sunday in Trafalgar Square. And not only in England. All over my area of London on Monday morning people were discussing Trafalgar Square, in shops and offices, the movie house and the garage. The girl at the dairy took a shilling off the cake because the buyer said she might be in jail all next week; the girl at the grocer's said proudly: 'I was down there too'.

As one who was active working for support for migratory workers on strike in the Thirties in California, in support of FDR and all his works, and in anti-Nazi activity from 1933 in the US, I should like to say how different the entire CND campaign seems, and especially how different the attitudes of those participating, sitting down themselves or supporting the sit-downers. The British make it a matter of *individual* conscience to such an extent that the discussions one hears on all sides are those of *A Man for All Seasons* rather than *Chicken Soup & Barley*, the individual's duty rather than how to organise mass resistance.

This comes out in the contrast in smear-words. We in America were always tarred as Reds or Communists but here the worst 'jeer' is expressed by 'crank', 'beardie', 'weirdie,' 'illogical', 'wild' or 'What do they think they will achieve?' I haven't seen or heard 'Moscow-controlled' or 'Moscow gold' once.

Isn't this truly the revolt of the individual against Organisation Man and the Rule of the Mass and isn't it – if we survive – possibly one of the great steps of progress in our modern world?

ELLA WINTER

103 Frognal
Hampstead

THIS WEEKEND IN THE SUNDAY TIMES

SIR JOHN
GIELGUD
TALKS TO
HAROLD HOBSON

In splendour of voice — he is probably the finest speaker of Shakespearean verse in the history of the British theatre — and in grace of person, Sir John Gielgud stands without peer. Now this famous actor talks frankly to The Sunday Times theatre critic about himself, his art, his contemporaries. Their conversation abounds in famous theatrical names — Martin-Harvey, Tree, Forbes-Robertson, Granville Barker, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Edith Evans, Olivier, Richardson. . . . Gielgud talks about Shakespeare, about "Godot", about religion, about theatre quarrels, as he examines not only his great achievements but also the foundations on which they are built.

ELSA
AND THE LITTLE LIONS

The story of Elsa, the lioness reared in domesticity by Joy Adamson and her husband in the African bush, was a classic among animal stories told in the book, "Born Free", which was serialised in The Sunday Times. Now comes the sequel, "Living Free", the story of Elsa's cubs during their first year. It is told in vivid, living pictures and absorbing text in a new series — a family story, for all the family.

Inside the Teddy Boy Mind

"So I said: 'If you hit him again I'm going to bring the boys and you'll get your caff smashed up'. . . .". This is a young 'Teddy-boy' talking to T. R. Fyvel who has made a detailed study of youths and girls who inhabit the jaded world of coffee-bar and dance-hall. His searching report continues this Sunday.

THE PAPER FOR SPORT

Sunday's four-page sports section gives complete coverage of Saturday's sporting events. . . . Henry Longhurst, home from the Walker Cup match and the American Amateur Championship, will contribute his weekly article; there will also be a full report of the home international at Portmarnock. Vivian Jenkins will describe the Harlequins-Leicester Rugby game. Brian Glanville has his "Talking Sport" column and the Arsenal-Birmingham soccer match. Roger Mortimer and Peter Willett write on racing and Harold Abrahams on the France-Great Britain athletics match.

THE SUNDAY TIMES

In every way a worthwhile newspaper

SIR, – Staff officers are taught in preparing defence plans to over-estimate rather than under-estimate the enemy potential. In civil defence, on the other hand, such grotesque under-estimates are made as to render the conclusions drawn irrelevant. For example, the London assumption is that of a single ten megaton Bomb dropped on Charing Cross. On this basis it is correctly argued that some peripheral rescue services might well save or prolong the lives of a sizeable proportion of the population.

It would, however, be wise to assume that a potential enemy would be prepared to devote say one per cent of his thermonuclear stockpile to the elimination of the main Nato base, as has been suggested by Dr Berenbaum in your columns. Informed estimates now suggest that the stockpiles of the two major nuclear powers are certainly not less than 25,000 megatons and may be nearer 50,000. As one-fifth of one per cent of the lower figure (50 megatons) would be sufficient to eliminate almost all life in the Greater London area, if not in the Home Counties, it will be seen that the official plans are, not to put too fine a point on it, nonsense.

On 3 October I shall be moving a motion at County Hall declaring that there is no practicable means of providing Londoners with effective civil defence against thermonuclear war. It might be thought that such a resolution, which a Conservative member has described as a 'statement of the obvious' would command universal support. But an amendment has been put down in the name of Mrs Corbet, who is representative of the LCC Labour leadership and, as Chairman of the General Purposes Committee, responsible for civil defence, re-affirming a previous resolution which included the statement that the government's plans are 'basically sound'.

This letter is to ask your readers to write to their LCC members urging that the resolution and amendment are of such a character as to demand a free vote. Members should not be 'whipped' on such a matter but should be able to listen to the debate and, at the end, to vote as their conscience and reason dictate.

The object of my resolution is to remove the official reliance on the present civil defence arrangements which everyone knows privately to be a mere facade for the purpose, as Mr Butler has put it, of 'allaying public anxiety'. When we have done that we can start the real debate, and the sort of questions we can then begin to ask are, for instance, on evacuation. As there is not and cannot be any effective evacuation of towns, should there be an evacuation of the country? If so, where to? Should we, for example, plan to send, say, 2½ million children to Canada and a similar number to Australia in the hope that some of them might, in those broader spaces, survive the holocaust? When we begin to ask such questions which relate to the reality of our plight, only then shall we be driven, as a nation, to the point of recognising that the only sensible thing for us to do would be to opt out of the mad business as far as we can, first by ridding ourselves of all missile bases.

HUGH JENKINS

The County Hall
London, SE1

THE RSPCA AND HUNTING

SIR, – Mr Hall chooses, rather surprisingly, to widen the scope of his argument from stag-hunting to the 'hunting policy' (sic) of the RSPCA, and in particular seems eager to defend its policy on foxhunting in spite of the fact that Critic gave no indication that he criticised this. If Critic has read adverse reports in the popular newspapers this will possibly have been before the BFSS warned its masters of hounds to treat representatives of the press 'as if they were human'.

Explaining the RSPCA's ambivalent attitude to foxhunting, Mr Hall seeks to make a virtue of the necessity the Society was under to offer an award for 'the devising of a humane method of controlling the number of foxes' as instructed by a resolution passed in the teeth of Council opposition in June, 1960. The Council delayed for seven months before announcing the award, perhaps in the hope that the resolution would have been forgotten in the meantime and the gesture be thought to be spontaneous. An ordinary anti-foxhunting member (E. Whitley of Shropshire) paid £500 for the advertising of the award and has guaranteed £500 of the £1,000 offer.

It is now said that over 300 people have submitted entries for the prize, and these hopefuls have my sympathy, for I fear they will all be disappointed. If I am pessimistic, this is because of a letter written by Mr Hall in late January to an Oxford lady in which he explained that the 'trouble' about the acceptance by the RSPCA of the shooting of foxes by expert shots as a more humane method than foxhunting, lies in the fact that 'there is much land owned or occupied by people interested in hunting and they will not give permission to anyone to go on their land for the purpose of shooting the animals'. If the necessary qualification for the acceptance of a method and the award of the £1,000 prize is that the foxhunting people will allow it to be used in their fox-coverts, then the RSPCA's money is absolutely safe – and so is its foxhunting policy!

GWENDOLEN BARTER

Broadstairs
Kent

SIR – Mr Hall's explanation of the RSPCA's policy on fox-hunting contains arguments which seem plausible but are very misleading, because they rest on a failure to recognise the real effect of hunting.

He writes '. . . but we do contend . . . that the existing alternatives to fox-hunting . . . inflict an even greater degree of suffering'. The fallacy here lies in the implication that we must have either hunting or the other methods of killing foxes. In fact, in the present chaotic situation, we are getting both. And, when hunting ceases, the other methods will be used not more, as the fox-hunters and Mr Hall would have us believe, but less. For the hunts protect the foxes and encourage them to multiply; and, in consequence, we have a much larger population of foxes, and a greater number annually slaughtered, both by the hunts and by poultry-keepers to whom foxes are a pest, than we shall have when hunting, and with it fox-preservation, ceases.

The real choice is between allowing the present situation, productive of so much fox-killing (much of it far from humane) to continue, and ending it by the abolition of hunting. If we choose the latter, fewer foxes will be born, they will become a less serious pest, and the number annually killed will be smaller.

Mr Hall also writes '. . . we are not opposed to hunting as a method of control, although condemning it as a sport'. The short answer to this is that fox-hunting is a sport and not a method of control. It is true that hunts kill some 20,000 foxes a year; but one has only to consider the over-all effect of the hunt's activities (the maintenance of a large population of foxes, and their overspill from areas where they are wanted for the hunts to others where they are not) to realise that to call these activities 'a method of control' is misuse of English.

ARNOLD MONK-JONES
Chairman

National Society for the
Abolition of Cruel Sport
44 Gerard Road
London SW13

TUC CONGRESS

SIR, – I owe Mr George Woodcock an apology. On further investigation I have satisfied myself that Mr Will Paynter's failure to be re-elected to the TUC General Council was in no way attributable to him, and I am sorry that I erroneously suggested that it was. I naturally also accept Mr Woodcock's word [NS, 15 September] on the other two incidents to which I referred. As the main purpose of my report was to make it clear that 'at Portsmouth the British trade union movement at last found a helmsman', I am particularly sorry that these misunderstandings should have arisen.

ANTHONY HOWARD

London W8

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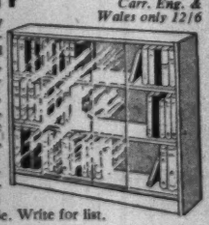

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Sunday, September 24

Assemble, Bourneville Park, 10 a.m. Summerfield Park, 12.30-2 p.m. Aston Park, Final Rally.

BLACKPOOL

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ANTI-APARTHEID

SIR, – The Anti-Apartheid Movement will cease to exist unless funds are found here and now to continue its work. Although there is no intensified boycott campaign or silent vigil now attracting the headlines, the work of extending the boycott, pressing for economic sanctions against South Africa, and for the independence of South West Africa, is continuing. The rent and expenses also continue, especially since our offices were gutted by fire.

The elections in South Africa on 18 October may spark off more disturbances, and it is essential that the Anti-Apartheid Movement, which is supported by the Africa Bureau, the Movement for Colonial Freedom, and others, should be in a position to react powerfully and quickly.

We have no income other than donations. This is an urgent political appeal for funds for political activity. Please respond by sending donations to: The Treasurer, Anti-Apartheid Movement, 15 Endsleigh Street, WC1.

BARBARA CASTLE
DENNIS PHOMBEAH
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ROBERT OWEN MUSEUM

SIR, – The tiny Robert Owen Memorial Museum and Library in Newtown, Montgomeryshire, where the great Socialist, philanthropist and reformer was born, and where he died, is at this moment in a state of neglect and disrepair.

Although visitors from all over the world make the journey to Newtown to pay homage to the great pioneer, it seems that the Labour, trade union and Co-operative movements, all of whom owe an enormous debt to Owen, take little or no interest in maintaining this Museum. The roof is leaking seriously in two places, and damage has already been done to irreplaceable exhibits.

Surely the National Council of Labour or the Co-operative Union should step in to assist the local committee, not only in ensuring the necessary immediate repairs, but also the future maintenance of the Museum and Library as a unique source of reference material for the life of Robert Owen, as well as for the history of the British Labour Movement.

MICHAEL KATANKA
160 Edgwarebury Lane
Edgware

BOOKS FOR AFRICANS

SIR, – I am a member of the Library Committee of the Sekhukhuneland African Students' Association. This association is appealing to the public for donations in the form of books, or money, for the establishment of a common library for the newly established secondary schools, Sekhukhune Secondary School and Bopedi-Bapedi Secondary. Both are in Sekhukhuneland, a native reserve in South Africa.

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A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring;
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The balance of power may change in many ways. There is no single formula. Sometimes there is no dramatic moment: the shift comes slowly and silently, visible from afar. Sometimes there are long, bitter, complex struggles. Such was the Thirty Years War out of which French supremacy was born. Two centuries later, when that supremacy foundered, the manner was very different. One sudden, sharp campaign surprised and revolutionised Europe. Unlike earlier wars for supremacy, the Franco-Prussian war was brief: only seven months from declaration of war to ratification of peace. Unlike them, it was fought out in isolation. French aggression, Prussian cynicism enlisted no sympathy; no general principle, no ideology was at stake; neither in the war nor in the peace did other powers intervene. And it was final. The German domination of Europe may have been, compared with the French, nasty, brutish and short; but the verdict of 1870 has never been effectively reversed, even in 1918.

But even if the military operations were brief, the struggle was no less complex. Into those seven months of war were squeezed the passions of two centuries: two centuries in which it was said France had divided and insulted the innocent Germans. Out of them arose the passions of the next 75 years, when the boot was on the other leg. In the war, as in all wars, past and future jostled strangely together. With the Prussian army, that modern, scientific engine, came the *Schlachtenbummler*, the German princes with their horses and grooms, valets and cooks, as if to 'a prolonged and highly fashionable meet'. At the decisive battle of Sedan the King of Prussia, with an entourage 'more suitable to an opera-house or a race-course', watched the spectacle from a ring-side seat such as no commander in Western Europe would ever occupy again. But beside these echoes of Louis XIV or Xerxes, there were grim presages of the future. At Strasbourg the civilian population of a great city was, for the first time, deliberately bombarded. Beleaguered Paris, in touch with the outer world only by pigeon and balloon, was the first city to taste the now familiar ordeals of wartime shortages and regimentation.

Finally, behind the front of war and politics, national and social passions burst forth. When the French armies had been cut off or captured, and the French Emperor had surrendered, the people of France, like the people of Spain 60 years before, declared total war on the invaders; and when they had failed, social revolution broke out. The surrender of Metz was followed by the resistance of Paris, the surrender of Paris by the revolt of the Commune.

Mr Michael Howard does not reach the Commune. His is a military history of the war, and it stops with the peace.* But he is not merely a military historian. To him, as to all good historians, history is indivisible. Behind the strategy and tactics he sees the technical and mental changes, the social and economic pressures, of which military history is the expression and continuation. 'The collapse of Sedan', he writes, 'like that of the Prussians at Jena 64 years earlier, was the result not simply of faulty command but of a faulty military system; and the military system of a nation is not an independent section of the social system but an aspect of it in its totality'. Thanks to this perspective he sees, and thanks to a firm, clear style he can present, the great battles of 1870 in their full significance, as not merely a military but as a historical turning-point.

The war began trivially enough. Diplomatically, Bismarck sought a scoop, and failed. The King of Prussia was prepared to accept failure. But then the deeper passions came in. The French government demanded not only to score but to humiliate. Bismarck seized his chance and made the crisis worse. Napoleon III, with relief, declared war; Bismarck, with relief, accepted it. Both sides, in fact, wanted war. In Prussia there was the old memory of Jena, the new confidence of Sadowa. In France there was fear of the new German unity. And in both there was a feeling of urgency. Both had reformed their armies. Bismarck had the breech-loading gun and the new General Staff; Napoleon the *mitrailleuse* and the *chassepot*. Both believed that their assets were waning: they should strike now.

Technically, perhaps the powers were equal. But what of morale? Here there was an important difference. In Prussia, as Moltke pointed out, the war was nationally popular. To break the old oppressor, to recover the German lands of Alsace, this was not only good policy, it was a national ideal: the ideal of the Liberals from whom Bismarck had captured it. Because of that, Prussia could trust, as few other governments could, to a national army, based on universal conscription. In France the war had no such national character. Chauvinism might be inflamed among the people, but the war-policy was the diversionary policy of a clique. Napoleon III could not afford a national army. He could not even trust his generals. While Moltke had built up a systematic General Staff, sure of its aims, scientific in its means, Napoleon, in war as in politics, relied on the constant balancing of suspect parties; and the paralysis of his own mind ran downwards through the whole system.

So, when the war was joined, there were many surprises. Everyone expected a French invasion of Germany. Neither the French nor the Prussians were supplied with maps of France. But that invasion never occurred. The Prussian mobilisation was clockwork, the French chaos. Moltke was dumbfounded: how, he asked, could any government declare war two weeks before it was ready? Naturally he seized the initiative, and never lost it.

On the other side, the French never recovered their lost time. Again and again they lamented it. They needed time to reorganise, time to retreat, time to rest. It was never given. The Prussians might have to switch their blows as circumstances changed, but they delivered them. The great encircling movements, planned for Germany, took place in France. By the first, the army of Bazaine was cut off in Metz. By the second, the army of MacMahon, going to its relief, was driven against the Belgian frontier and smashed at Sedan. That evening, 'among the *débris* of the greatest disaster that French arms had ever sufferered', an orderly found an unopened order, eloquent of French needs. It began, *'repos aujourd'hui pour toute l' armée'*.

But why had MacMahon walked into this 'mouse-trap', as Moltke called it, this *'pot de chambre'*, as a French general described it, in which *'nous serons emmerdés'*? Strategically, the attempt to relieve Bazaine was foredoomed and MacMahon himself had sought to cancel it. But French strategy, throughout, was at the mercy of politics. If Bazaine were not relieved, said the imperial ministers, there would be revolution in Paris. Later, when Metz and Strasbourg had fallen, and Paris itself was besieged, the same pattern was repeated.

By then the imperial government had dissolved and the French republicans were conjuring up vast 'national' armies behind the Loire. With patience, discipline, leadership, these armies, well supplied from abroad, might have forced the Prussians to retreat. Their professional leaders urged that course. But once again the politicians would not wait. Paris, they said, must be relieved, just as Metz had to be relieved, for political reasons. Trochu, its military governor, was breaking out, just as Bazaine had been breaking out . . . So another unprepared army was thrown into action; and because the relief was ordered, the sortie had to be ordered too. *'Ils viennent à nous: allons à eux!'* cried the Paris press. The result was disaster. On the same day sortie and relief simultaneously and finally failed.

Of course on the Prussian side, too, politics and strategy conflicted; but at least there was system in the politics of Bismarck and the strategy of Moltke; nor were there such ideological tensions as divided Catholic, legitimist French generals from 'atheist', republican politicians. Even so, Bismarck's political demands maddened Moltke. Bismarck, he complained, was slow to make war, and always thinking of the peace-treaty. Bismarck would have negotiated with Bazaine if he could, made peace with a restored, chastened Empire rather than triumphed over its ruins and found himself faced by a political void. During the siege of Paris, he was still thinking of settlement. He was afraid of

**The Franco-Prussian War.* Hart-Davis. 63s.

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(12/6)

MICHAEL JOSEPH

foreign intervention. To forestall it he insisted on bombardment, and dismissed Moltke's military objections as an 'intrigue contrived by women, archbishops and professors'. Eventually, when Paris fell, Moltke was for going on to hammer 'this nation of liars to the very end'. It was only by personal intervention with the King that Bismarck was able to defeat Moltke and make peace while there was still someone with whom to negotiate.

It was not a moment too soon. Already the degeneration had begun. The republicans, like Moltke, were crying for 'a war of extermination'. 'For the honour of France, and our security in future', cried Gambetta, 'we must finish for ever with this odious power'. To him the armistice was to be only a breathing-space. 'The war', wrote a German officer, 'is gradually acquiring a hideous character. Murder and burning is now the order of the day on both sides, and one cannot sufficiently beg Almighty God finally to make an end of it'. Bismarck himself, in his impatience, encouraged the violence. He demanded that every village in which an act of treachery had been committed should be burned to the ground and all its male inhabitants hanged: to show mercy was 'culpable laziness in killing'. Fortunately these were words, not acts. As soon as a French statesman appeared, able to treat, Bismarck was ready. Moltke might threaten to resign; he might succeed in stiffening the terms; he could not prevent the peace.

The French statesman was Adolphe Thiers. He appears seldom in Mr Howard's book, but always to utter refreshing words of sense. How mean and trivial beside him appear Napoleon III and his courtiers, how irresponsible the heroics of Gambetta and his friends! Thiers had opposed the Empire and its war; equally he had opposed the Liberal folly of disarmament. Now, having failed to win diplomatic support, he saw that nothing was to be gained by unaided *guerre à l' outrance*. Happily, the armistice gave him his chance: it enabled France, not merely Paris, to vote. 'Left to themselves . . . the provinces turned to the leaders of local society, the gentry and aristocracy who had turned their backs on national politics since the fall of the monarchy and whose local pre-eminence had been re-asserted by the notable part they had played in the National Defence.' With an overwhelming mandate Thiers was able to negotiate peace. He recognised that there is only one thing to do with a war of aggression which has failed: to wind it up quickly, even if defeat has transformed it into a heroic struggle to survive.

So ended Napoleon III's 'short, successful war': at the time Bismarck's greatest triumph, in retrospect perhaps his most fatal legacy. For out of that triumph sprang not only Germany's supremacy in Europe but also, as Gerhard Ritter has written, the 'sinister problem of modern national war', so fatal in this century. For this reason, concludes Mr. Howard, it is, as he has made it, 'an event of importance far transcending the specialist field of the military historian, or even the historian of 19th-century Europe. Germany's magnificent and well-deserved victory was, in a profound and unforseeable sense, a disaster: for herself, and for the entire world.'

Great River

Oskar Kokoschka. By BERNHARD BULTMANN. *Thames & Hudson. 5 gns.*

Bruegel: the Drawings. By LUDWIG MÜNZ. *Phaidon. 3 gns.*

Modern Primitives. By OTO BIHALJI-MERIN. *Thames & Hudson. 4 gns.*

Braque. By JOHN RICHARDSON. *Oldbourne. 55s.*

Sidney Nolan. By COLIN MACINNES and BRYAN ROBERTSON. *Thames & Hudson. 70s.*

Kokoschka is the kind of great man whom it is easier to honour than pay attention to. It is not that he is inaccessible: he has lived and painted here for years at a time. Nor is there anything obscure about his art. He would fit better if there were. But he is unaffected by the currents that swing other painters about. The main stream has for 40 years or so been flowing against him, but it does not seem to hinder him in the least. And when we get a sight of *his* stream in a book like this (lacking the full-length exhibition which has been promised so long yet never comes), it looks extraordinarily broad and strong.

It springs directly from tradition and its sweep is as comprehensive as traditional painting ever was. It presents a recognisable and consistent vision, and one that is full of simple humanity. It is, in fact, as different as anything could be from the typical, accepted painting of its time – the non-visual, secluded, metaphorical kind of painting which we shall soon have to regard as the official art of the day. Yet it is impossible to see the art of Kokoschka as a backwater. It is more like one of the great rivers of Europe that he paints, and it is flowing as abundantly as ever to this day.

The difficulty with him is not only the perennial one of accepting how various in a period of ferment the possible and 'valid' ways of painting are likely to be. The vocabulary of criticism is inadequate. The label of Expressionism is made to do for a dozen disparate kinds of painting, which is bad enough, and the later work of Kokoschka is unlike any of them. To regard him (with Dr Haftmann) as having reverted after 1920 to Impressionism is no better, if we have any idea of what Impressionism was about. The shabby word is used at present for any painter who shows signs of taking the appearance of things seriously. But the truth seems to be that Kokoschka and a few others have taken up different and quite new attitudes to what is seen.

Kokoschka's brush, weaving its fabric, seems in the first place to mark *directions*. Directions of what? Not of line or movement in themselves, but of something that underlies them. The brush-marks spring out of form like jagged signs of inward, natural force. (They have a history going back to the hatchings that cross the flesh of the *Sturm* period drawings – Dr Bultmann reports that Kokoschka was interested in a mask from New Ireland.) They do not describe things so much as point a property of exclamatory life in the thing itself. It is as if the brush, in the

instant of identifying things as real, awoke in them their own vivid, clamant rhetoric, immediately convincing in its justice and truth. The truer the directions that are marked and the more real the force to which the brush recklessly abandons itself, the more natural (and less apparently 'distorted') the visual scheme that is woven necessarily becomes.

It is the naturalness that is disconcerting. It contradicts our expectations of what, in the 20th century, expression and Expressionism should look like, and possibly it is a great discovery. To know more we shall have to wait for the exhibition. Meanwhile, this book is of value. It provides 50 representative colour plates, only two or three of which misfire, and an introduction which has some interesting pages on the Viennese art world at the beginning of the century.

Kokoschka pursues his own kind of realism with a visionary singlemindedness. Stephen Spender has compared it with Blake's, but a better comparison is with Bruegel – the great exponent of the world-view which Kokoschka has made his own, and of the alpine landscape which is also an inscape. (His independent attitude to international mannerism was incidentally rather like Kokoschka's.) The Phaidon edition of all Bruegel's drawings that are now known, which appears as a memorial to Ludwig Münz, is not only much fuller but a good deal more exact than de Tolnay's. One still cannot do without the older book, because Münz had none of de Tolnay's poetic insight – into the way, for example, that Bruegel's pen makes the paper blossom and conveys the homogeneous substance of his world (rather as Kokoschka's brush does – a lot of modern painting is the descendant of a private, graphic tradition rather than the public, painted one).

The book on the naive painters is less important. When all is said about Magic and the Real, and it is said fairly often, the fact remains that the genius of the Douanier (the precise character of whose naivety remains a matter for discussion) has attracted attention to a lot of painting which we can, at a second look, do without. The predominant impression here, not helped by the production or the choice, is a dull one, occasionally enlivened by artists like Scottie Wilson (a considerable painter in a highly sophisticated manner) who have no business in the book. The most interesting discovery is of a pattern of townscape which appears independently in several places, in France with Vivin, Jugoslavia (Fejes), America (Emil White) and elsewhere. Perhaps it is on the track of some archetype or other.

John Richardson is on familiar ground with Braque. This time he reasonably takes the history of the development as read and instead discusses in turn the artists's approach to space, his use of materials and the metamorphoses of his subjects, the last with the aid of extracts from Braque's conversations, retouched for the occasion (it would be useful to have a definitive verbatim text in permanent form). This is an improvement on the usual grandiloquent run of introductions, and the plates, originating from Silvana, show signs of equal care; only analytical cubism is thinly represented and reproduced. Mr Richardson illustrates for the first time the much worked-over *Reclining Nude*, a picture that one comes to like more and more, and compares it with the engraving of the Thirties; the oil sketches in Parisian collections would have been a help.

It is admirable that a painter in mid-career should have a book as good as this on Sidney Nolan. It could not be bettered, unless by the inclusion of paintings in place of some of the more off-hand drawings. Colin MacInnes introduces us to Australia as much as to Nolan, which we need. Nolan's artistic personality, though an uncommon one, has affinities nearer home. It is the personality of a riveting pictorial raconteur. There is no holding him when the bout of imagery is on him – the visual narrative runs on regardless, allusive, macabre, comic and poetic, extemporising endless fantastic variations on its heroic (and shady) theme. Is the fluency sometimes excessive, as Bryan Robertson thinks? One cannot imagine Nolan without it. Perhaps it is Irish. There is a little of Jack Yeats and of Bacon in him. Certainly he makes an excellent book.

LAWRENCE GOWING

Race for Learning

New Universities Overseas. By A. M. CARR-SAUNDERS. *Allen & Unwin.* 32*s.*

'It is a cardinal principle of British colonial policy', Lord Lugard remarked pontifically in 1920, 'that the interest of a large native population shall not be subject to the will of a small class of educated and Europeanised natives who have nothing in common with them and whose interests are often opposed to theirs'. This principle was applied to such effect that until 1945 higher education in our colonies was generally provided by missionary and other private endeavour in the face of official suspicion. At the end of the war, however, the Asquith Commission reviewed the situation and made far-reaching proposals for the development of colonial universities. Sir Alexander Carr-Saunders, who was a member of the Commission and has since been on the Inter-University Council which British universities set up in 1946 to aid the evolution of colonial colleges, now reports on the progress made in the subsequent 15 years.

In this respect, the title of his book is misleading. He does not deal with the new Australian universities, or with the curious position of higher education in India. Nor does he discuss the problems of new universities in territories that belonged to other colonial powers. He is concerned solely with Malta, Hong Kong, Malaya, the Sudan, Nigeria, Ghana, the West Indies and Central Africa. He describes how each university was founded, the facilities and finance available, the courses and staff provided, their relations with British universities and local governments. He offers, in short, a semi-official postscript to a task on which he and others have been engaged through the troubled years in which these colleges, like the territories they serve, have moved rapidly towards independence.

The achievement has been considerable. Though these former colonies are still desperately short of graduates each has been given a nucleus around which to build – in some cases by an increase in the number of students, in others, such as Ghana and Nigeria, by creating additional universities. They are, moreover, universities of international repute, as Sir Alexander constantly reminds us. In the face of great difficulties these emerging universities have been kept up to what British academics consider the proper mark: the degree standard. As the Ashby Commission observed about Nigeria, universities have

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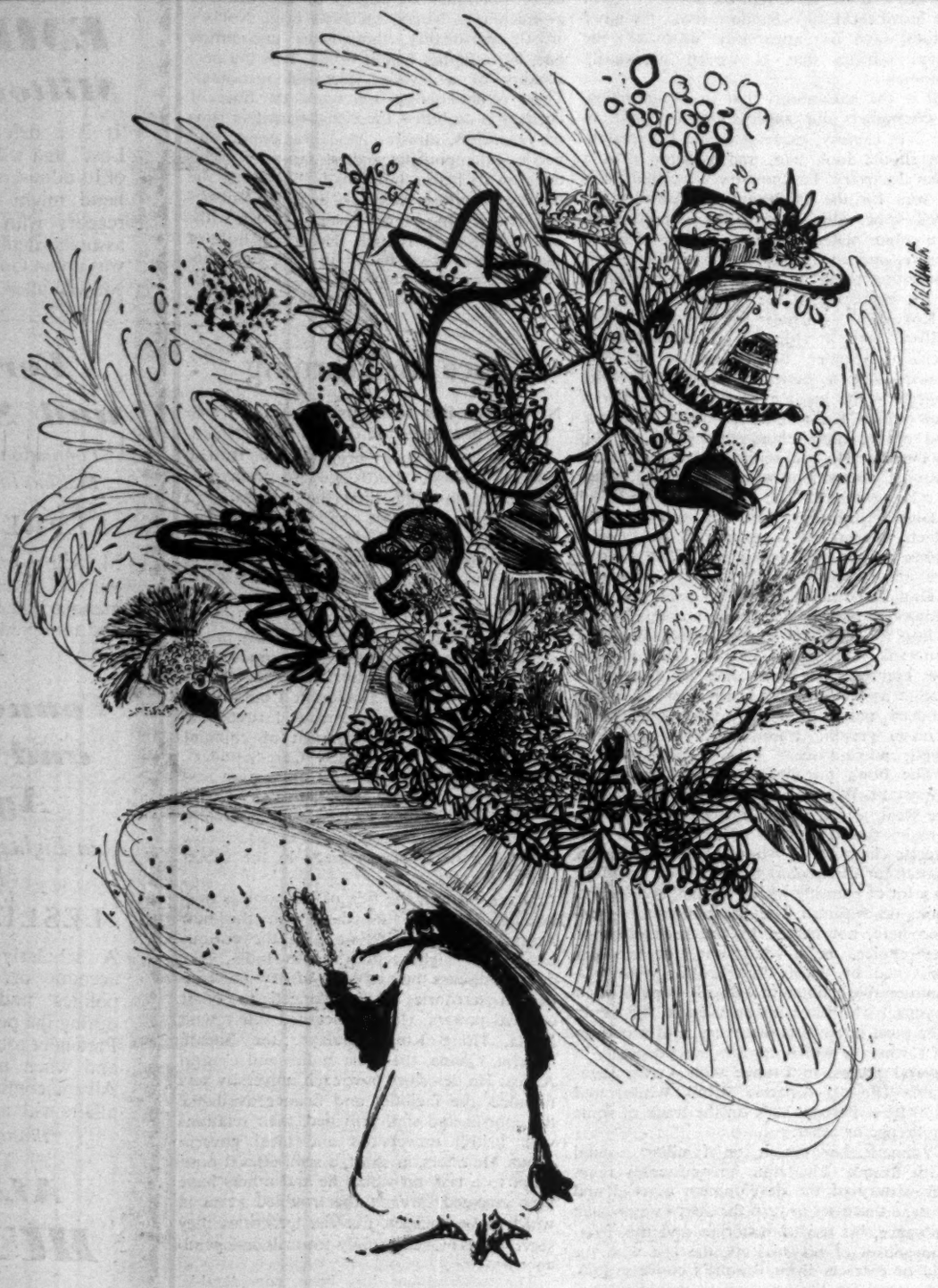

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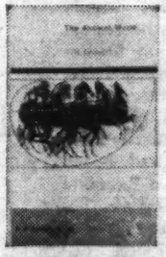

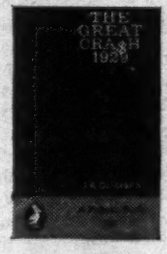

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'bonds of loyalty not only to the country which supports them, but also to the international company of universities all over the world. This double loyalty is essential because a nation's university degrees, like its money, must have currency in other nations'.

This insistence on degree standards is understandable. Sir Alexander makes a brief but telling defence of it against critics who feel that it is an obstacle to rapid expansion of higher education in former colonies, which need trained people so urgently. But there is more to this line of criticism than he concedes. Much of the British university pattern that has been exported is valuable, but a good deal of it does not fit the condition of the countries concerned. What is happening in the University of Ghana is a case in point. To understand the difference of outlook one should compare Sir Alexander's book with the recent Report of the Commission on University Education in Ghana and with accounts of the difficulties that ensued when President Nkrumah sought to shape the new university to his view of what it should be doing. The conflict of assumptions comes out quite clearly.

This race for advanced education will not always be pleasant or successful. The new nations are bound to do too much, too quickly: the prize is as glittering as political independence, and as vital. But they may be able to do more than academic sceptics in this country believe. The problem is how to marry the best in our tradition with the practical demands and possibilities of quite different cultures, themselves in the midst of radical changes. It is, in effect, a specific example of the general difficulty of establishing democratic habits and attitudes on the alien shore.

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EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE

Last Fling

Culloden. By JOHN PREBBLE. *Secker & Warburg.* 30*s.*

Mr Prebble first heard of the battle of Culloden when he was a boy in a Scottish township in Saskatchewan. What struck him was not the lost cause, but the lost men: killed on the field, or driven overseas, or, their old life broken, exiling themselves to make new lives across the Atlantic. It exasperated him to see so much Scottish sentiment attached to 'the creaking romance' of the Forty-Five. So, in telling the story of Cumberland's defeat of Prince Charles at Culloden, he is determined to take the twopenny colour out of the scene. Away go the stereotypes of Jacobite song and legend – handsome prince, loyal chiefs, faithful clansmen; and in their place, Mr Prebble composes a plain, detailed picture, drawn from contemporary newspapers, regimental order-books, family papers, and the memories of those who fought and those who saw the horrors on Drummossie Moor. It is a convincing picture, though here and there Mr Prebble has slapped on some unnecessary colour of his own: one Government troop is said to be raised 'from the butchers, bakers, chandlers and bored apprentices of Nottingham', and a Jacobite one 'from romantic apprentices' in Edinburgh.

Five thousand Highlanders fought for Prince Charles Edward at Culloden, but personal devotion to him – the sentiment so strong in Jacobite songs – was by no means the only motive. Many were there because they had been conscripted by their chiefs (Lochiel threatened to burn the houses and kill the cattle of any shirking Camerons); some, like the Stewarts of Appin, were fighting as much out of hatred of the Campbells as out of love for the prince and his father. A few were to turn King's evidence. But if Mr Prebble's documents break down the simple legend of prince and clansmen, they provide solid enough backing for the complementary legend of Butcher Cumberland. 'The moor was covered with blood', wrote one of the English officers, after the battle had been won; 'and our men, what with killing the enemy, dabbling their feet in the blood, and splashing it about one another, looked like so many butchers rather than Christian soldiers'. Under orders they bayoneted any Jacobite trying to struggle from the mounds of the dead, shot men who had surrendered, killed men, women and children who had been far from the battlefield; and in the three months after Culloden, starved, shot, lashed and burnt the glens into submission. There were exceptions: James Wolfe refused General Hawley's order to pistol a live Fraser lying among the dead; and the Campbell militia, though for King George, often stood between the regular soldiers and their fellow-Highlanders.

The redcoats' savagery seems to have been largely due to their belief that they were engaged, not with other professionals, but with savages. And those savages had come horribly near London six months before, threatening (in the words of some City merchants) 'the fatal blow to the trade and public credit of this nation'. So the City was delighted with Cumberland when he came back from the north, with the head of a red-haired Highlander in his baggage. There were banquets, medals, a rise in Cumberland's income: among other commemorations were the Cumberland Gate of Hyde Park, Handel's 'Conquering Hero' (composed for the thanksgiving service in St Paul's) and the renaming of a flower. Scotland's answer to Sweet William was a weed called Stinking Billy.

The City was right to celebrate, for what Cumberland had destroyed was not just the Stewart succession but the end of a social order alien to the mercantile spirit (a point made by Scott in *Rob Roy*). This, surely, is behind the persistence of the Jacobite legend: laments for a lost life were expressed in laments for a lost prince. After Culloden, nearly a thousand Highlanders were forcibly transported; droves of cattle, the staple of the Highland economy, were driven south; the chiefs' hereditary jurisdictions were abolished, and the tartan proscribed. Yet even if there had been no Forty-Five, the clan system would have broken up, though no doubt more slowly and more kindly. That world of private armies and private justice, feudalism and the warrior spirit, brigandage and blackmail, could not have survived long in the Scotland of the agricultural improvers, the road-makers and the Edinburgh rationalists. But at Culloden it went out with a bang.

JANET ADAM SMITH

Prehistory in Pictures

The Dawn of Civilization. Edited by STUART PIGGOTT. *Thames & Hudson.* 8 *gns.*

This is an account of prehistory, of the millennia before the availability of written evidence in the various parts of Asia, in Europe, Egypt and America (apart from the brief chapter on China, which is out of place, and from some legitimate over-stepping into early recorded history). The publishers call it 'one of the most important books we have ever published and certainly one of the longest', and its vital statistics deserve to be recorded: page-size like that of *Life Magazine* (their comparison), with 156 pages of double-column text on special wood-free, smooth buff paper and 208 pages of plates (in addition to the many drawings and figures throughout the text); a total of 940 illustrations, 172 in full colour; 13 chapters by acknowledged experts, some of them very eminent, like the editor himself who regrettably contributed only a foreword. The book was prepared and written in this country, printed in Germany, bound in Holland, and published simultaneously in nine countries.

Writing history from material remains is extraordinarily difficult. To escape the danger of mere antiquarian reporting of finds, one runs the greater danger of pretending to know too much. Professor Piggott gives an admirable statement of the problem in his foreword; among other things, he reminds us,

> material evidence will give material results. You cannot, from archaeological evidence, inform yourself on man's ideas, beliefs, fears or aspirations . . . Perhaps all we can really perceive is the history of technology, making and doing as expressed in material objects.

The pity is that he was unable to persuade many of his contributors of this elementary truth. Total abnegation is not required, but severe discipline. Professor Grahame Clark correctly approaches the Stone Age cave paintings by way of 'a society like that of the Australian aborigines', and he merely suggests, or says that 'we do not know what purpose' was served by a particular object. But Professor Mallowan, writing about the Sumerians, asserts as if it were self-evident truth that 'the care of souls required temples', when a brief study of comparative religion would tell him that there is no necessary connection between souls and temples. Objects

which Dr Bushnell describes as 'believed to have been used ceremonially' in the Americas, become, on no more evidence, 'painted goddesses' and 'female deities' in Western Asia, 'perhaps goddesses' in Neolithic Greece. What it comes down to is a distinction between those archaeologists who take seriously modern work in anthropology, sociology and psychology, and those who continue blissfully indifferent to, or unaware of, the existence of these disciplines.

Much of the text is, of course, restricted to the material and technological side, and on that level it is with little exception reliable and up-to-date. It is when the authors turn to explanation, to ideas and meanings, that they quickly divide, and also on their ability to arrange and present the intractable material lucidly. This is the familiar weakness of all such cooperative volumes, and further comment is unnecessary. But there is a more serious point. No one is going to spend eight guineas for 13 very summary accounts, not even when some are as brilliant and exciting as Professor Clark's, or Sir Mortimer Wheeler's on ancient India. It is not only in format that there is a comparison with *Life*.

The expensive picture-book has not received the examination it deserves. Obviously, fine reproductions are worthwhile, and visual illustration is often a valuable complement to oral or written exposition. But the expensive picture-book phenomenon is out-running its legitimate functions. It is crucial that here the picture section, including the extensive caption material, was 'the responsibility of the publishers', not of the scholars who give the book its cachet. The invariable tendency of this, the larger section, is to make things easy and a little vulgar and sensational. I need only refer to the 110 'original reconstructions'. They are reminiscent of the dreadful pictures of cavemen in action which, in my childhood at least, were standard props in museums of natural history and children's encyclopaedias, except that these are not in black and white but in bastard-Gauguin colours. The illusion is fostered that one can learn about serious matters like prehistory without the unpleasantness of reading, which implies thinking.

M. I. FINLEY

Mother of Ten

A Pride of Lions. By MONICA STIRLING. *Collins.* 28*s.*

Letters and Documents of Napoleon. Volume I: The Rise to Power. Selected and translated by JOHN ELDRED HOWARD. *Cresset.* 55*s.*

A Pride of Lions is quite well done. But why do it at all? Madame Mère has already been the subject of half a dozen biographies – not much, says Miss Stirling, when compared with the mountains of Napoleonic literature; and 'were she alive today, she would be interviewed on television as a gold-star mother, or offered up as a tranquillising example of a "most unforgettable character" '. But it is only the career of her second son which gave her eminence or which makes her interesting. She was tough – she was pregnant with Napoleon as she followed her husband and Paoli in their fight for Corsican freedom; she bore him, without midwife, in her own front parlour; she was the mother of ten before she was 30. She was commanding, and successfully maintained some dominance over her rapacious brood even in their grand estate. She was beautiful,

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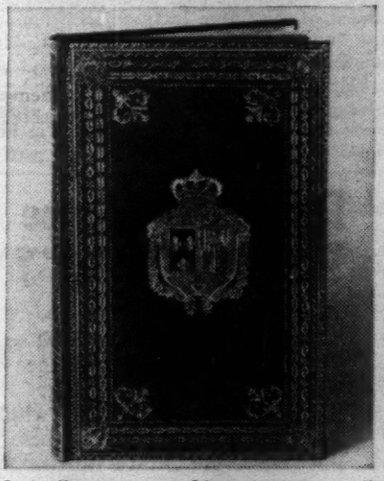
Picasso: Four Themes. *Folio Society*

DESPITE Disraeli's classic definition of the three degrees of untruthfulness – 'lies, damn lies, and statistics' – figures can be highly instructive. The Folio Society, for example, has more than doubled its membership in the last three years, and one-third of new members have joined through personal recommendation – a startling, and gratifyingly high proportion. This year, many more people should be tempted to join; every member will receive a magnificent volume of Picasso reproductions free of charge! Entitled *Picasso: Four Themes*, this book measures 11¼" x 8¼" and contains thirty large plates in full colour, with a text by Roland Penrose (responsible for the recent Picasso exhibition at the Tate) which illuminates the life and work of this many-sided genius.

The Folio Society, as you may know, was founded fourteen years ago with the express aim of producing books as attractive to look at as they are to read. The success of this venture has been notable. Members have been able to buy copies of great and lesser classics, beautifully illustrated, finely designed, bound often in the lavishly gold-tooled style which was once the prerogative of royal libraries – and all at a price no higher than ordinary books.



In its list are none of last year's best-sellers. Instead, the Society concentrates on the great books of the world and on some of the more fascinating byways of literature and history. Herodotus, Defoe and Jane Austen rub shoulders with de Maupassant and Donne; *The Golden Ass* and *Sherlock Holmes* are there, as are an eye-witness account of *The Trial of Charles I*, a *Life of the Buddha*, *The Sonnets of Michelangelo*, illustrated with his own drawings, and that classic compendium of crime, *The New Newgate Calendar*.

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and constantly 'used a liquid cosmetic that suited her admirably but gave her acute neuralgia'. She was thrifty, and amassed a fortune. She lived to be 86 simply, she said, by always rising from the table with an appetite. Her influence on the formation of Napoleon's character can, however, only be guessed at; her influence on his policy was nil. Instead, she was given a court of her own, and relapsed into insipidity.

This story of family squabbles against a background of European statecraft does nothing to make the Bonapartes attractive, nor to elucidate Napoleon's purposes. It is enlived by quotations from Byron and Fanny Burney; Miss Stirling's view of Napoleon is filtered through the pages of Balzac and Stendhal; and she adores allusion:

> The Grand Trianon inspired Proust's friend, the Marquis de Castellane, to build a pink palace in the Avenue Malakoff. It did not, however, inspire Madame Letizia, who is said to have complained that the rooms were too small and the ceilings too low.

The book begins well in the Corsican hills, but tails off into sentimentality in Rome.

'With an inferior army the art of war consists in always having more force than the enemy at the vital point.' Napoleon's deceptively simple prose makes it sound easy; but the successive orders, reprimands and exhortations in this volume of *Letters and Documents* show some of the obstacles. What appears on one page as an unequivocal statement of the future becomes an irritating failure on the next. The texts, in Mr Howard's fresh selection (well translated, and with helpful notes and maps), give a comprehensive view of Napoleon's career from Brienne to the peace of Amiens, told in his own words. It is not the whole story, partly because so many documents have to be left out, but more because Napoleon used words as a means of effecting his ends, and this often meant a measure of distortion and disguise.

Sometimes he uses words to celebrate the past, and to inspire: 'Soldiers! You have rushed like a torrent from the heights of the Apennines; you have overthrown, dispersed and scattered everything that opposed your advance.' Sometimes he writes as a diplomatist: 'The French government wishes to leave nothing undone that may bring about a general peace, because that is to the interest both of humanity and of the allies'. Occasionally, his use of language is more personal: 'Glory is stale at twenty-nine; I have used everything up; it only remains to become a real egoist.' But for the most part he writes to command, and to do the business of war: 'Your aide-de-camp has just arrived, Citizen General. I wish you to assemble the whole army at Geneva and to order the transport of biscuit, corn and brandy by the lake to Villeneuve.' Mr Howard exaggerates in saying that Napoleon the writer is quite as interesting as Napoleon the soldier or statesman. He used words as the essential tools of action; and this has a fascination of its own.

C. S. BENNETT

Down Will Come The Sky
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"What, then, makes the book so fine? What I can only call the steadiness and nobility of the narrator's temperament: the whole book is infused with it. In these days we've got to face violence, to read and write about it. *This* is how it should be written about."
WILLIAM COOPER, *Sunday Times*
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Secker & Warburg

Vacancies

The Mighty and Their Fall. By IVY COMPTON-BURNETT. *Gollancz*. 16*s*.

The Custom House. By FRANCIS KING. *Longmans*. 18*s*.

This Bed Thy Centre. By PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON. *Macmillan*. 16*s*.

Comedy, Graham Greene once observed, is difficult in the West.

> Farce, savage, boisterous, satirical, is easy, but comedy needs a strong framework of social convention with which the author sympathises but which he does not share. Miss Compton-Burnett is forced to place her stories in the Edwardian or Victorian past: Mr Henry Green substitutes elaborate conventions of his own for our social vacancies.

Considering the limitations of so much contemporary writing, one wonders whether it is comedy alone that suffers. And one wonders, too, whether 'comedy' is the word for Miss Compton-Burnett's fiction. There is wit certainly; there is even occasional mischief. But the effect is not one of gaiety but, rather, of Ibsen-like oppressiveness.

'Nothing is what we think it is,' says one of the characters in *The Mighty and Their Fall*; and this is true of all Miss Compton-Burnett's families. 'I will talk to you,' says Teresa, the outsider. 'And ask you about this family, and all that is hidden in it. I feel I have never met one before.' The reply is: 'A family is itself.' Where the members feed on one another and are at once alike and unlike, and where all are threatened from within, not so much by their weaknesses as by the revelation of their weaknesses, and threatened from without by 'life'. 'So you know life,' the eldest son says to the uncle who has returned suddenly after an absence of 30 years. 'How strange that seems in Father's brother. . . . Are you a man of the world, Uncle? It is the first time I have met one.' So the melodrama erupts. The revelations come, and the betrayals. And then all subsides, in regulated ripples of talk.

Ivy Compton-Burnett is not an easy writer. The more she is read, however, the less difficult it is to find one's way about the intricate relationships which, though continually rearranged, are always recognisable. Recognition is, in fact, one of the pleasures she provides; and this is why her admirers never tire of her variations on a restricted theme. In this respect she is like, say, P. G. Wodehouse. The theme itself ceases to matter, since what was once truth has turned, by variation and repetition, into fantasy. In this fantasy there is, one feels, for both writer and admirers, more than a touch of escapism and even of delusion. How revealing is the slip which makes the characters of *A House and Its Head*, set in the 1880s, talk of the Victorians in the past tense!

The 'social vacancies' of North America have sent many writers, their first (and often last) statement made, to look for inspiration in foreign countries. English writers have long been doing so, though not always for the same reasons: Mr Forster, for instance, uses the contrast to undermine rigid home conventions. Francis King's last novel was set in Greece; *The Custom House* is set in Japan. His purpose, perhaps, is rather closer to the American.

A novel by an Englishman about Japan: what does this tend to evoke? Awkward young English lecturer, eager, uncomprehending students, comic misunderstandings, beautiful Japanese girl, chatter in the foreign colony, a Japanese tycoon perhaps. They are all here, with certain modifications. But they are all fresh. The tycoon, Furomoto, is also a painter; in this role he insists on being impractical and absent-minded, as painters should be. The comedy is provided not by students but by a script-writer who is continually planning films, about prostitutes, to be shown at Venice or Cannes ('I want to write scenalio about pliest who loves girl. At first I think boy, but girl better, I think. Geisha girl maybe? Plostitute maybe?'). The foreign colony is made up largely of missionaries, who discover with pained surprise that the people in their Bible classes are students of English rather than Christianity.

In Mr King's Japan, however, what is at first comic nearly always turns out to be disturbing. Furomoto's painting is another aspect of his taste for power; the boy who ridicules the missionary in the Bible class is obsessed with the idea of death and killing; the script-writer himself, in the presence of tragedy, reveals only a callous professional delight. Yet in spite of Mr King's insights, the crowded, unhappy country, with its mixture of ritual and ruthlessness, order and ordure, remains closed and puzzling. It is significant that, apart from the foreigners, the only truly satisfactory characters are the young Japanese. Furomoto is a mystery, a creature of melodrama; we feel there is much more to know about him. Such forgivable shortcomings are made up for by Mr King's narrative skill and his general technical proficiency, which are by now well known. *The Custom House* will win him many new admirers. When the details of the story are forgotten there remains a sense of post-war Japan which, for me, until I go there myself, will be the country Mr King has described.

Pamela Hansford Johnson's first novel, *This Bed Thy Centre*, written at the age of 22, has been re-issued with a preface by the author. The novel was praised by Cyril Connolly when it came out in 1935; and, indeed, this story of the love and marriage of a 16-year-old South London girl is of an astonishing competence and tenderness. An

incidental interest today – apart from the details of prices, the emphasis on sickness and the benefit of sea air – is that the novel presents a society still in many ways as ordered as that of Arnold Bennett: a strong framework, in fact, of social convention.

V. S. NAIPAUL

Crisis for Russia

Eastern Europe in the Post-War World. By HUBERT RIPKA. *Methuen.* 25*s.*

Dr Hubert Ripka was a well-known figure in this country, where he spent the war years as an exile from the Nazis. A leading journalist before the war and a minister in Benes's government after 1940, he was forced back into exile in Britain once again in 1948, this time by the Communists. His account of the collapse of democracy in Czechoslovakia, published in 1950, is still one of the most illuminating histories of the Communist conquest of the Czechs. When Ripka died in 1958 he left a manuscript which he had completed the year before, and this has now been published with an introduction by Professor Seton-Watson. It consists of a short account of the establishment of Soviet rule over the countries of Eastern and Central Europe. The story is told clearly and factually, and while it may contain little that is new, it shows those occasional flashes of insight in which participants of events often excel over historians. The story has its climax in the Hungarian and Polish revolts, and their immediate aftermath. Like Djilas, Dr Ripka believed that these revolts marked a crisis in Soviet power, a beginning of the end of Soviet imperialism, because they exposed the extent to which these Communist regimes rested on naked force.

His book ends with a policy for the Western powers, which consists in brief of their proposing to the Soviet Union a reciprocal withdrawal of forces from Eastern and Central Europe, followed by neutralisation sustained by guarantees. Fervently advocated by Dr Ripka in the last years of his life, this plan bears a close resemblance to those put forward, among others, by Mr Gaitskell. Rereading it in the light of Mr Krushchev's conduct in the intervening years, it seems even less likely of acceptance by the Soviet Union now than it did at the time. But perhaps Dr Ripka was right in 1957 to urge that it should have been tried.

LEONARD SCHAPIRO

Shifting Shapes

Arthur of Albion. By R. W. BARBER. *Barrie & Rockliff.* 30*s.*

Mr Barber's object has been to provide a straightforward introduction to Arthurian literature for the general reader; he has produced a book which is extremely readable, and which will also be useful as a work of reference. Though he accepts Arthur as an historical character, he realises the weakness of the evidence for his historicity. He is not mentioned by Gildas, the only contemporary writer. Nennius, who wrote some 300 years after Arthur's supposed date and 'whose account of Arthur's battles is our main source for the historical Arthur' is a broken reed, for 'most of the account is quite unreliable'. He does not mention Briffault's theory that Arthur is the 'Black One', and that as 'Leader of Battles' he is 'identical with Bran, "the Raven", the leader in battle of the Celts in every war which they have fought throughout the ages.' This, if correct, would explain the references to Arthur in the Welsh legends referred to in the second chapter. The third chapter deals with Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of the Kings of Britain.* This, though almost entirely fictitious, was regarded for centuries as history. There can be no doubt that it is the principal source of the belief in Arthur's historicity. We are next given reasons for concluding that the alleged discovery of Arthur's grave at Glastonbury was a pious fraud by the monks, who were then very short of funds to replace their burnt-out buildings.

The rest of the book is devoted to a survey of the English romantic literature based on the Arthurian legends, and we are given the plots of the stories and specimens of the poetry. Mr Barber selects for special mention and praise the 14th-century alliterative poem *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight.* The Green Knight appears at Arthur's court and challenges any one of his knights to behead him and a year later to be himself beheaded. Gawain accepts and the Green Knight goes off with his head under his arm. A year later, on his way to the rendezvous, Gawain reaches a castle the owner of which entertains him and puts him to bed with his wife. Gawain resists temptation, as a result of which the Green Knight, who is the owner of the castle transformed, gives him but a light blow.

Mr Barber notes that the two incidents, the challenge and the resisted temptation, are derived from Celtic legend, the former from the Irish story of Bricriu's Feast and the latter from the Mabinogi of Pwyll. He says that 'the poet in combining the two stories was unable to find a suitable equation between the two characters, and had to make the Green Knight a shape-shifter.' But he has failed to note that in the Irish story King Curoi is a shape-shifter. Having to decide which of three heroes is the bravest he issues the challenge in the guise of a giant and when Cuchullain alone accepts it, awards him the prize. Pwyll is also a shape-shifter, and shape-shifting is a common feature of the initiation rites in which the legends no doubt originated; the initiator appears in the guise of a supernatural being. The Celtic characters retain traces of their origin, but the Green Knight has lost them and his conduct is therefore inexplicable.

RAGLAN

Brides of Unreason

Poetry and Experience. By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH. *Bodley Head.* 18*s.*

The Price of an Eye. By THOMAS BLACKBURN. *Longmans.* 18*s.*

Both these two volumes are pretty marginal as contributions to the eternal debate on the nature of poetry. Both fall into familiar categories. Mr MacLeish's is, often all too evidently, a worked up series of lectures delivered to a lay audience. Mr Blackburn's is, as the blurb styles it, 'an introduction to modern poetry'.

Despite the somewhat self-conscious, rib-nudging style, *Poetry and Experience* is often interesting. MacLeish takes up an extreme romantic position, oddly seasoned with tag-ends borrowed from the Chinese. And he's

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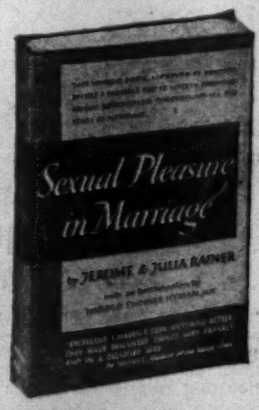

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rather given to large and windy statements: 'Poetry is art and does what art can do – which is, as Lu Chi said, to trap heaven *and* earth in the cage of form.' In so far as this kind of statement can be understood at all, it makes for a very narrow definition of poetry. But MacLeish is an enthusiast, and the second half of the book is given up to an extended discussion of four poets who happen to fit his own temperament and his categories. Three of these essays are worth reading – on Emily Dickinson, Rimbaud, and Yeats. He quotes very well from Emily Dickinson, and makes out a surprisingly persuasive case for regarding her as a major writer and a kind of American Blake. Dealing with both Rimbaud and Yeats, he drives one to the text again, which is surely the purpose of this brand of popular exposition. Only on Keats does he seem to me to fail to say anything interesting – and here one must remember how astonishingly little really good criticism, for all the vast bulk of the literature associated with him, Keats has managed to arouse.

Mr Blackburn is also an extreme romantic – or at least he is a partisan of such poets as Dylan Thomas, George Barker and Vernon Watkins, and his book is, I suspect, designed to try and undo single-handed the revolution which took place in English poetry during the Fifties. This sits uneasily with the form he has adopted – that of a popular handbook, to be put on the same shelf as Fodor's guides and do-it-yourself books on woodwork. Even as a piece of pamphleteering, *The Price of an Eye* strikes me as astonishingly shoddy and disingenuous. A good example is the treatment meted out to Auden, who obviously doesn't fit Mr Blackburn's drift at all well, but who nevertheless must bulk large in any work on modern poetry in English. In fact, he gets 14 pages, and within those 14 pages Blackburn quotes from his work about 20 separate times. But nearly half of these quotations turn out to be drawn from the two late volumes – *Nones* and the *Shield of Achilles*, and the work in *Collected Shorter Poems*, surely the core of Auden's achievement, is hardly ever touched on. Blackburn sets out to convince us that Auden is not, after all, what he's cracked up to be by concentrating on work which nearly everyone agrees to be inferior.

I'm not happy, either, about the positive principles which the book offers. Blackburn's whole thesis is summed up by the statement, made *apropos* of the work of Thomas and Barker and Watkins: 'the criticism of such verse should be more concerned with "What I feel when I read these words", than "What it is the words are saying".' This is, in effect, an invitation to read the full range of human emotion into any given page of the telephone directory, should one feel so inclined. It leads Blackburn himself to produce such gems as: 'The strength of the Poem as a whole is unmistakeable, but the heart has reasons not altogether available to the head as to just why a moth "Died a legend of splendour along the line of my life".' Perhaps every critic should invest in a cardiograph?

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

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PETER DAVIES

The Road to Chislehurst

Democratic Despot. By T. A. B. CORLEY. *Barrie & Rockliff*. 42*s*.

My Dearest Uncle. By JOANNA RICHARDSON. *Cape*. 25*s*.

It is never wise to have the writers against you, and few statesmen of the 19th century alienated them more completely than Napoleon III. Whose reputation could survive the joint invective of Victor Hugo and Karl Marx? Moreover, it is never wise to fight outside your class. As a diplomat Napoleon III, an amateur lightweight, had the bad luck to deal with professional heavyweights of world championship calibre, such as Bismarck and Cavour; as a general, the bad judgment to compete with the memory of his uncle, in a contest he was bound to lose even if he had been rather better at moving armies than he was. Lastly, it is fatal to fail. Napoleon III's empire collapsed suddenly and rather grotesquely in 1870, depositing him in Chislehurst, which lends itself less well to martyrdom than Saint Helena. No cock has crowed for the Bonapartes in France since then.

The verdict of history remains hostile, therefore. There is no disguising a failure which has not even heroic myth to hide behind. The Second Empire failed in everything except the creation of the Paris that we know today, the place where good Americans go when they die. Recent scholars, including Mr Corley, rightly point out that its administrative and economic achievements were very great. It was, for instance, the only French regime between the 1800s and the 1950s which systematically and intelligently fostered French economic development. But even in economic matters Napoleon finally came to grief.

France, which pioneered so many of the inventions and devices of industrial society, continued to be the most backward of the industrial economies. The brothers Pereire, the dynamic and imaginative tycoons who represented the Second Empire's new economic frontier, crashed before the Emperor did; their antagonists, the cautious Rothschilds kept possession of the field. We may wonder whether the striking parallels which Mr Corley observes between Napoleon and de Gaulle, some of which may be due to imitation ('there are many indications that de Gaulle has studied the progress of the Second Empire'), will eventually end in the same failures.

So Napoleon III is interesting not for what he achieved but for what he was and set out to do. As a subject for biography and psychological analysis he is extremely rewarding: unlike King Leopold of the Belgians, Queen Victoria's uncle, who was an assembly-line model of the lesser European prince (the hard-working rather than the Folies-Bergère variety), whom Joanna Richardson vainly and pleasantly seeks to make interesting for others than the aficionados of royal gossip. The Bonaparte name made him a pretender to power. Political circumstances meant that he could only gain it by unorthodox means. He had accordingly to learn his politics in the only unorthodox school, the pre-1848 Left: liberal, democratic, nationalist and Socialist. Whether he sympathised with it or not is irrelevant; the point is that he had to use its ideas and techniques, but for very different purposes. Thus he became among other things the first modern electioneer among the rulers of Europe and the first ruler to claim the name of 'Socialist'.

From the familiar revolutionary Left he learned that the progress of nationalism and of liberal political institutions was quite inevitable. They had to be allowed for and utilised rather than combated. This conviction may explain several mysteries in his career – his Italian policy, his apathy in the face of German unification, perhaps even the odd turn towards the 'liberal empire' after 1860, though his political incapacity made him bungle his chances. But, as Mr Corley stresses, he also came under the influence of a far more novel school of the Left, which henceforth determined his policy: the Saint Simonians.

The 'industrialists' whom this extraordinary group championed could be either the workers or the energetic captains of industry and finance (but not the aristocrats, rentiers and other unproductive elements). According to taste and occasion, they could therefore become pioneers of Socialism – they are best known for their place in the pedigree of Marx – or of a dynamic capitalism, which did not suffer from the social and economic blindness of *laissez-faire*. In the latter capacity they gave an ideology to Napoleon III, for whom they provided the financiers (the Pereires), the political and economic advisers – Michel Chevalier and even Morny – and the dreamers of glorious achievements in Algeria or Egypt. A Saint-Simonian built the Suez Canal.

As a capitalist statesman, Napoleon was far in advance of all his contemporaries. If his practical failure had not been so striking, this would long have been commonly accepted, instead of having to be exhumed by non-Socialist historians with a sense for economics and a knowledge of Saint-Simonianism – rather a new combination, well exemplified in Mr Corley's useful and up-to-date book. But of course he was a man destined to lose his grip, and perhaps the international situation and the dead weight of propertied conservatism in France doomed him in any case. His career is a parabolic curve. And the most famous

monuments of the Second Empire are not, as he would have wished, its great industries. They are the Grand Boulevards, and the operettas of Offenbach.

E. J. HOBSBAWM

Percentage Man

The New Africa. By SMITH HEMPSTONE. *Faber.* 45*s.*

It doesn't always help if you ask a white visitor to Africa why he decided to go there. The question suggests that you are about to chisel away at his conscience. He may give an honest and inoffensive answer; but something has gone wrong. He thinks he has been listed as a hereditary bandit. And many a black man whose business is not murder and who, therefore, avoids grinding axes is often puzzled by the suspicion he has aroused. Mr Smith Hempstone, an American journalist born in the Southern depths of Maryland, would explain that in going to Africa it was 'my intention to live two and a half years south of the Sahara, to listen, to travel, to learn as much as I could and then, if I felt I had anything to say, to write about it all'. This is a simple enough answer; yet he finds it necessary to assure us that he arrived with 'the usual prejudices' though with a mind which, by some incredible ablution, 'presented a clean slate for Africa to write upon'.

Events provided Mr Hempstone with a title, and his journey was evidence that this book was necessary. The result is a long, blunt, efficient, nasty and challenging account of what the author discovered through intensive research and by word of mouth across 70,000 miles of river, jungle and uncertain road south of the Sahara and north of the Congo. Everywhere he met and talked with the common people as well as with people of uncommon powers. He has received aid from thieves and saints. He has had rat for supper. He was accompanied throughout by his wife, and they did almost the whole journey in a lorry. It lasted 30 months. From the Sudan, Ethiopia and Somalia in the east his narrative travels across French Equatorial Africa, branches south to Nigeria and north to Niger, and continues west all the way through Upper Volta, Soudan and Senegal.

He is dealing with an area of over five million square miles and a population exceeding 100 million. Races, languages and religions become a matter for adding machines. Mr Hempstone has a way of being remorselessly exact. He won't allow a single beast to stay in hiding; so we learn that in the Sudan there are '6.9 million cattle, an equal number of sheep, 5.8 million goats, 1.4 million camels, 500,000 donkeys and 100,000 horses'. Any ordinary traveller might have left things at that; but this American insists on fixing the price. The animals, more numerous than people, would be worth £183 million. He is the perfect percentage man who makes us feel that there is certitude and splendour in the use of a digit. To move is to keep count.

But animals don't vote; and it is the consequences of the vote which really brought Mr Hempstone to this part of Africa. As late as 1955, these millions had achieved only two independent states: Ethiopia and Liberia. But within the next five years came 19 new African nations. They represent an unbelievable diversity of peoples, with tribes and frontiers left hopelessly confused by the long, indiscriminate scramble among the European powers. Mr Hempstone doesn't present Africa as simply divided. It emerges as the giant with a broken spine. It must advertise for crutches before it can walk; and many a buccaneer has already arrived to do business. He shares the usual reactionary doubts about the right of these people to govern themselves and exploits all the evidence he can find to challenge the myths and ideals of the more progressive nationalist leaders. Pan-Africanism is one of his main targets as he bulldozes his way through conference and reunion to establish what he regards as the essential disunity among those black nationalists whose most vociferous claim is unity. He leaves the impression of being thorough and up-to-date about the internal politics of the whole lot. He will quote a Ghanaian at the expense of his comrades in Guinea. His tone is sour when he treats of Nkrumah and Sekou Touré. His stance towards the more conservative direction of Togo and Ivory Coast appears more conciliatory.

It isn't difficult, therefore, to situate Mr Hempstone in his relation to the different African blocs. No chisel is necessary. Six months after he left Africa he felt the need to return, and has followed his instinct to Kenya. One does wonder what he is doing there. But it is astonishing that a continent which answers so easily to savage can persuade a white heart to stay.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Art as Conspiracy

DAVID SYLVESTER

Even popular derivatives of the Dada-Surrealist tradition show how artists in that tradition tend to make a virtue of the necessary fact that they are addressing an exclusive group. *Itma* had an exclusive audience of millions, who were always given the feeling of belonging to an in-group. Dada had its 'Rrose Sélavy', *Itma* its 'Don't forget the diver!', 'Can I do you now, Sir?' and 'I'll 'ave to ask me dad' (and it was, of course, just in these catchphrases, with their Freudian overtones, that the Surrealist element in the programme was at its strongest). The catchphrases heightened the habitual audience's awareness of being initiates. And I suspect that, with regard to the allusiveness of Max Ernst's work and the necessity of picking up the allusions, the point is not only that we need to have inner knowledge in order to get the allusions, but that the allusions are there in order to entail the exercise of inner knowledge and provoke a sense of conspiracy.

The allusions in Ernst are of several kinds. There are those where he has actually incorporated by means of collage fragments of popular or practical art, such as illustrations to Victorian magazines or old medical textbooks, and we have to know the normal context of these bits and pieces to appreciate his use of them. There are the teasing references to the work of other members of the in-group. There are the quotes from the art of the past, among the more obvious of which are references to a number of German painters of the 16th century such as Grunewald, Altdorfer and Schoengauer, to Arcimboldo and de Momper, to Boecklin and Caspar David Friedrich, to Redon and Dulac, to Baroque high reliefs with ivory figures in wooden grottoes, to Bavarian Rococo, to Piranesi, and – in the Dada drawings, annotated in copious manuscript, of mad machines which will never be constructed in his lifetime – to the notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci.

Then there are allusions in the titles: for example, *The Polish Rider*, a painting which resembles the Rembrandt not at all but rather a Chagall. Again, it may be that, in calling a wildly gesticulating and menacing scarecrow *L'Ange du Foyer*, Ernst is not simply indulging in a too obvious piece of irony but is also referring to the angel fish (*ange de mer*), which might just as easily as Grunewald's Risen Christ have inspired the tattered semi-transparent shapes of his figure. And if one sometimes sees allusions that were not intended, that is all part of the game, a game which Ernst plays so wholeheartedly that he even, in *Vox Angelica*, gets up to the old medieval trick of making emblems of his trade spell out his proper name.

But all of this is just the gravy – and maybe its flavour of erudition is even meant to disguise the strong taste of the meat. If the allusions that really matter in Ernst were picked up by the uninitiated, the mothers one sees at the Tate earnestly taking their schoolboy sons round would be covered in blushes if not dashing hysterically into the street in search of a policeman. Admittedly, they do not improve their chances of seeing what's going on by, as the majority of visitors to the exhibition do, burying their noses in the catalogue rather than pointing them at the pictures: the catalogue's author, Roland Penrose, shows his deep loyalty to the cult in resolutely declining, except in two or three deliciously oblique comments, to divulge what the pictures really are about. Most of them are about the one type of human activity the depiction of which is rigorously forbidden in our society – honest genital sex. It is pictured by Ernst in the most intimate close-up, but in symbols which, it is evident, only initiates can read. And this esotericism is certainly apt when dealing with the sacred mysteries of the earthly paradise.

It might, however, be argued that the losers are not those who cannot read the symbolism but those who can. These symbols are not a set of arbitrary conventional signs, they are forms that really do express what they stand for. They are therefore capable of speaking directly to the spectator's unconscious and moving him aesthetically without his knowing why. Conversely, it can be said that those who can say what the symbols mean are, because of this intervention of intellectual recognition, less subject to their magic. I believe in fact this is not the case.

There certainly exist symbolic forms in art and indeed in architecture the meaning of which arouses emotion in the spectator without his discovering what that meaning is, but I do not think that Ernst's forms have the kind of intrinsic eloquence which brings this about. On the other hand, I am certain that the intellectual interpretation of Ernst's symbols at their most potent does nothing to dissolve their magic: we are pleased and entertained by our recognition at a conscious level of those facts of life the direct representation of which is taboo, but the mystery and imaginative resonance of their presentation still persists. Indeed, our comprehension and our wonder serve to enhance each other.

The functioning of Ernst's symbols seems to me to imply a notion of esoteric visual symbolism similar to that current in the 16th century. That the meaning of symbolic images was a matter of agreement among initiates did not, it was held, deprive them of their mystery, because there was an inherent virtue, a transcendental force, in those images, deriving from their correspondence with the workings of the universe, which would always ensure the preservation of their total meaning from the grasp of human intellect.

Now, Professor Gombrich ('Icones Symbolicae', *Warburg Journal*, Vol. XI, 1948), in discussing the close link between this view of visual symbolism and the general trend of Neo-Platonist thought, has argued that the Neo-Platonist 'idea of intuition as the highest form of knowledge can easily merge with the doctrine of revelation through visual symbols'. This idea of the primacy of intuitive knowledge, as against rational knowledge and the knowledge of the senses, holds, as Gombrich puts it, that 'we can only hope to achieve this true knowledge in the rare moments when the soul leaves the body in a state of ek-stasis, such as may be granted us through divine frenzy'.

The mind, then, is open to the highest knowledge when it ceases to be an agent and becomes a kind of medium. And it is just this state of attention that Ernst has said he has sought to achieve through the use of certain automatic mechanical techniques as a means to artistic creation. He has described his technique of *frottage* as 'a process which rests solely upon the intensification of the mind's powers of irritability', saying of his own use of it that, 'by enlarging the active part of the mind's hallucinatory faculties, he succeeded in attending, simply as a spectator, the birth of his works'.

This affinity with Neo-Platonist thinking is one that Ernst shares with other Germanic artists of his period. It is found in Klee's doctrine that the artist is one who does not create but 'transmits', and that his concern is not with 'the finished product of nature', but with 'the one essential image of creation itself, as Genesis'. It is found in Arp's statement that 'we yearned for the swan-white tide, the divine affinity which unobtrusively permeates the differences of matter, of conditions, of events'.

The link between these artists and Renaissance Neo-Platonism is not hard to guess at: it is almost certainly Goethe's *Faust* – though at some later stage Ernst's circle is known to have read in Pico della Mirandola (whose doctrine of correspondences they would obviously have found sympathetic). The point I wish to emphasise is that in Ernst we rediscover the merging discussed by Gombrich between the Neo-Platonist sanctification of intuition and the doctrine of revelation through symbolic images.

The need for an inspired passivity as the proper condition for artistic creation acquires further emphasis for Ernst because of the extreme degree of self-consciousness in the conscious thinking about symbols of anyone versed, as Ernst was from his very early days, in Freudian thought. Whether Parmigianino was or was not aware of the meaning an Ernst would see in the tapering column in the background of the *Madonna della Colla Lunga*, whether Michelangelo perceived a similar significance in the outstretched neck of Leda's swan, is something we cannot know (on the one hand, it seems unlikely that artists so sophisticated would have missed it, on the other, Parmigianino and his contemporaries had no hesitation whatever in putting an unmistakable priapus where they wanted it).

But whether or not 16th-century artists recognised a phallic symbol when they saw it, they did not think about their unconscious motivation for putting it there. An artist like Ernst, however, not only knows a great deal about what he is putting in his pictures but also a great deal about why, and he knows that the audiences of initiates to which his work is addressed will also get the motivation along with the allusion – he knows that, if he calls a picture *Garden Aeroplane Trap*, his fellow-conspirators are going to babble of fears of castration.

Now, the artist is supposed to be one who differs from other men in being able to communicate, not what he thinks he feels, and not what he would like to feel, but what he really does feel. The whole problem of an artist like Ernst is the difficulty of being honest where his self-consciousness is so comprehensive, more especially when he is an artist of strongly romantic inclination, a lover of the mystery and wonder of the forest, the kind of artist whose strength has always resided in the total conviction with which he submits to his own feelings and

fantasies. If there is a flaw in mechanical techniques as a means of recovering innocence, it may be that with practice in using them – or so some of the works at the Tate suggest – the artist risks acquiring a degree of control which tends to deny his aspirations to mediumship.

Bad dreams in Athens

Bad dreams in Athens, sad and evil dreams;
A hanging chiefly, watched and acted in –
Myself the witness and myself the one,
Hooded and bound, who trembled, who felt cold.
But who's to say what truth is when it comes?
Awake at five, I put a blanket on
And slept again. This time my sleep was filled
Only with darkness till its time was done.

Today, how slowly, heavily I walk
Athenian streets! The white Acropolis
Dawdles on corners. Something shameful is
Lost in the marble, mingled with the light.
I look within me. What have I for cloak
Except my dream's last tatters? Only this
Can keep me secret, hood me out of sight
Of so much clearness, so much nakedness.

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

Scars

How, after thirty years of not
Much daring wildness or bad luck,
Do I have so many? No one shot
At me from rooftops, ran me down,
Used me for bayonet practice. Stuck
In small remembered moments, they
Mark even smaller wounds; yet have grown
As I have, to this very day.

The palm of my right hand, scraped raw
By ash and gravel, takes me to
Myself at seventeen: I saw
The athlete had some praise I lacked,
And so I ran for the House. I grew
Hearty and keen. And then one day
I slipped at relay-practice, cracked
My wrist and tore the flesh away.

A bit of travel, too: one thigh
Grazed by stony reefs at sea
Off Libya, swimming: and by
My left wrist, where a window fell
At thirteen in Vermont, I see
A quarter of an inch of white.
A doctor's room in Muswell Hill
Made one of them. A certain light

Shows up one eyebrow ruffled where
A beer glass hit it, up in Leeds –
My only brawl. The bristly hair
At the tip of my chin is sparse because
At nine I fell off a chair. It bleeds
Still, if I close my eyes. Yet not
One rates my passport; minor flaws,
So minor that they show me what

A whole half lifetime did not wound.
There is just one I can't explain:
A thin curved band which goes half round
My little finger, like a ring.
It must have hurt, and yet the pain
Means nothing to me: like the scars
I've never worn, like suffering
Not named in small particulars.

ANTHONY THWAITE

Love and Fire

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Quite rightly the Academy Cinema gave separate press shows for the two films making up its new programme. Either film would be worth travelling miles to see; together, they should prove irresistible. Moreover they strike a surprising balance, the one being airy comedy and the other a hot cinder of reality, each with its very different poetic touch.

That of Philippe de Broca's *Les Jeux de l'Amour* is elegant, wayward, high-spirited; and its age-old triangle of young lovers and the friend with a car across the way comes fresh as paint. For one thing the loving and falling-out pair are charmers: they run a knick-knack shop, somewhere under the shadow of the Panthéon, an absurd place mingling witches' balls with spinnable post-card racks, and a speciality of old book-plate roses done on the premises. He paints the roses, and at lunch-time will rush off to buy a new kind of cuff-links; she does the accounts, lets a customer kiss her hand, keeps rabbits and pigeons at the back – and wants marriage and children.

Will she get them? Well, of course; the hungry friend, intervening, with the little car in which they beetle off on a Sunday, hasn't really a chance. It isn't so much plot that matters as situation, and that is kept going with the funniest intimacies the screen has known for a long time. If they go to bed in the afternoon, the car toots outside; at night he pulls the bedclothes off, while she wants to read; a traveller in encyclopaedias finds the arguments flying and paternity almost thrust upon him; and there's a dance cellar where any would-be satyr or maenad can safely fling for an evening. Nothing is forced; nothing jars; the capers are both private and endearing. In this dance of lovers the actors are never more spontaneous than when they are wildly showing off Jean-Pierre Cassel, the husband and father to be, is a first-class comedian; Geneviève Cluny plays the feminine game truthfully; and as the sad Slav-like friend Jean-Louis Haury is hopeful in the midst of hopelessness even when brushing his teeth. De Broca's direction has given the whole piece the flow of music: a sex trio with style and impetus.

Women, volcano women, are absent from *Volcano*, the second film in the programme: where should we look for the successors to Magnani and Bergman – in Loren and Lambetti perhaps? A return in the cycle seems overdue. Meanwhile, *Volcano* is factual, a poem of discovery, such as Cousteau undertook with his wrecks and fishes, adventure to snatch us off from the roller-coaster of Cinerama. M. Haroun Tazieff has been known for years as the world's one volcanologist; he has got to know all the great volcanoes, their habits and differences; he has stalked them, listened to them, sniffed them, probed them on foot; and now at last he has brought back this film record in colour of his findings. Vesuvius standing dead over its petrified victim in a Pompeii street (but no volcano, we learn, can be truly dead); Etna spouting and Kilimanjaro grumbling; bubbling green or red lakes in craters; the cascades of lava in Stromboli, red-hot streams rushing past at 25 miles an hour: the camera is brought within four yards of this terror. A new volcano in the Azores rains its 36-foot crust of ash on an island, and interposes a mountain

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between lighthouse and sea: the near-lying ground may one day prove fertile to the inhabitants – if they aren't first obliterated; for under many of these incalculable killers villages nestle, towns thrive. The parable of our own existence in a world self-threatened can hardly escape us; but M. Tazieff has been content to let nature have its say. Magnificent beyond words is the Wagnerian fire ritual with which he ends.

By far the best parts of *Fanny* (Warner's) are its glimpses of Marseilles quays and streets: one lovely harbour shot from the air. Otherwise Pagnol's sly old snail-creep of comedy has been disastrously foreshortened and vulgarised: coming to us via a musical and charged with tunes in the background and polychromatic drama under our noses. The star cast go in heavily for accents, none more heavily or bravely than Chevalier, who drifts too near to death in the last sequences for this kind of elephantine lark.

Fighting Irish

ROGER GELLERT

It is ironic that Joan Littlewood's glorious reign at the Theatre Royal, Stratford E., should have ended with a particularly weak and pretentious play (*They Might Be Giants*), while the new era of Free Enterprise opens there with a particularly unpretentious and strong one: *A Whistle in the Dark*. The author, Thomas Murphy, is a young Irish schoolteacher, and this is his first play – a remarkable achievement. It is constructed with subtlety and discipline; and if much of it is brutal and acutely painful, much is extremely funny. Its theme is the worm who fails to turn, and it revolves round a family of Fighting Irish, the Carneys, as murderous a bunch of overgrown babies as ever spat teeth. Four of five brothers have been reared to a state of high animality by their vile, sentimental, cruel windbag of a father (Patrick Magee); the fifth, Michael (Michael Craig), who is both the most intelligent and the feeblest, has failed to respond to the treatment. He has come over to England, got himself a white-collar job in Coventry and married a decent North-country girl. But their life is not destined to continue in peace; three of the Carney brothers follow, billet themselves upon him, treat him with undisguised contempt and turn his house into a pigsty. As the play begins, the family circle is about to be completed by the arrival of Pa himself and the youngest brother, Des, the only one Michael had hoped might grow into a human being.

Des and his father have already engaged in a brawl in the local, and are eager to join in a pitched battle with the Carneys' dearest foes, the Mulryans. Knuckledusters and bicycle chains are got ready, in spite of protests from Michael, and he is sent ignominiously upstairs to bed by his father in a scene of miserable humiliation. His wife Betty, who is treated like dirt by the brothers (when they are not trying to rape her), implores him to be a man and kick them out; but he is not much of a man, and indeed, short of calling in the police, it is hard to see what he can do about it. Next day, when the battle with the Mulryans takes place, his wife screams at him to go out and fight too (this is one of the few melodramatic touches, and played so), hoping that if she can goad him into one violent action he may be capable of others.

All he does, however, is to go and get drunk, as does Pa, who having worked his sons up to the required pitch of battle-fever, has no intention of getting his own jaw broken. The Carneys return triumphant, young Des more boastful than any, to taunt Michael with his cowardice and be received by Pa with fine speeches, songs and a silver cup bought to mark the occasion. Michael tries to make them see that their hero-worshipped Pa is a phoney, but they refuse to believe that he never meant to turn up for the fight and start knocking Michael about. At last, goaded beyond reason, he picks up a bottle, and with his first wild swing kills Des.

Put like this, it may sound a depressing story; but in fact it is an unnervingly honest study in the power of lies and blind loyalty, and it refuses to compromise with any sort of easy, sentimental solution (this is what seems to have infuriated most of the critics). One hopes and expects that the brothers will finally be made to see through their Pa, that Michael will somehow prove himself a man, earning their respect and his own: in short, that humanity will triumph. But the unhappy fact is that in these circumstances (extreme, certainly, but not impossible) the odds are stacked too heavily against it. If he had some of the mis-spent guts of his brothers, things might be different; but he hasn't, and we watch truth battered to senseless defeat in a bloody and one-sided contest. It is a distressing sight, but one we ought not to shirk.

The Carneys, for all their beastliness, are no monsters. Harry, the wildest (Derren Nesbitt), gets inklings of the truth about Pa, but suppresses them like religious doubts; Iggy, the strongest (Oliver MacGreevy, who is magnificent), is undeniably engaging; Des, the baby (Dudley Sutton, a superb mooncalf), wavers helplessly between conscience and the masculine protest. Pa himself is a figure of almost Dostoievskian awfulness, which Patrick Magee, probably the most effortlessly creepy actor on the London stage, does full justice to; his long drunken aria at the beginning of Act 3 would not disgrace the Moscow Arts, a matchless portrait of a man convincing himself that he is a beloved patriarch, while dimly conscious, at some unfathomable depth, that he is a coward and a buffoon. Michael Craig, who has the hardest part of He Who Gets Kicked, manages a remarkably sympathetic whimper of weak, baffled decency, and Edward Burnham has directed with a shattering naturalness in which every punch goes home.

Based on a quite simple idea by Rostand, *The Fantasticks* (Apollo) is a would-be artless, infinitely arty bit of transatlantic chichi. In front of a pretty bit of scaffolding, two teenagers enact a dewy, tinkling romance, complete with whimsical daddies, two teetering thespians, a tall, dark narrator, and a little sweep who scatters leaves and confetti. Slade *à l'américaine*.

Old Aldwych

V. S. PRITCHETT

There is far too much old Aldwych knockabout and a plethora of 'business' in Maurice Daniels' new version of last year's Stratford production of *The Taming of the Shrew*, now at the new Aldwych. But it has spirit. And the cast must certainly be congratulated on one achievement: if anything is thrown at them as they rush about the stage they catch it brilliantly – and quite a lot is thrown. Something had to be done with a hack play that does not hang together, has no clear intention and goes on 40 minutes too long; and the producer correctly saw that he had to give every action a wit of its own. The character of Katharina is so vaguely sketched that it gives a lot of freedom to the actress. Vanessa Redgrave takes it that Katharina is a beastly, obstreperous schoolgirl who is astonished by love at the first sight of Petruchio and fights, tooth and nail, yet with a palpable pleasure in the certainty of surrender, against the humiliation to her pride. This reduces the drama of her situation, but increases its piquancy; and, at the end, we have the pleasant impression that now the snarling prefect has been exorcised, the proud woman will carry on with an enemy worthy of her mettle and her tenderness, and with subtler weapons. Vanessa Redgrave has a naive, bounding, headlong loveliness marred only when her occasional grins of contentment during the horseplay get a shade broad; but in the final kneeling scene she was dignified and moving – the timing was very fine and she visibly grew into a woman. Derek Godfrey's Petruchio had an easy vitality which must have helped enormously.

The whole cast was neatly characterised, and Roy Doctrice as Christopher Sly, Shakespeare's notion of a mass-viewer out of his depth, was very sharp. The play may be a mess but this, I suspect, is because Shakespeare was given two or three old scripts and was told to run them together, give them a bit of class but keep them commercial. The real shrew in the play is not Katharina but the widow whom the wretched Baptista has to marry. Untamable, I would say.

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Operatic Justice

DAVID DREW

The new opera season at the Royal Opera House opened last week with the production of Gluck's *Iphigénie en Tauride* that was first seen at the recent Edinburgh Festival. Rita Gorr leads a fine cast, and distinguishes herself in the recitatives which are so essential to the character and movement of the work. The production is hampered by stage designs that try to be austere in a colourful way, and yet achieve neither colour nor austerity (which are both states of grace).

Since his lifetime, Gluck has been spared the worse ravages of controversy and fashion. He stands as an immovable pillar near the main entrance to the great temple of opera. When Burney remarked that 'Gluck's music is so truly dramatic that the airs and scenes, which have the greatest effect on the stage, are cold or rude in a concert', he touched on both Gluck's weakness and his strength. The light of day is unkind to Gluck's music. His melodic and harmonic gifts are seen to be rather meagre, and his counterpoint hardly more than the vestige of a prehensile tail (though that doesn't quite justify Handel's jibe about his ignorance of counterpoint). The Overtures to *Alceste* and *Iphigénie en Aulide* show that given certain dramatic pretexts he could compose striking instrumental movements; but on the whole his powers of development were limited. Like so many of music's inspired cripples, he begins some of his best ideas with the support of ostinatos or pedal points, but is always liable to stumble over his own crutches later on. It is better to have too little of a good thing – for example, Orestes's remarkably Mozartian *'Que ces regrets touchants'* in *Iphigénie en Tauride* – than too much. Significantly enough, many of Gluck's best inventions, such as the various choruses of the Priestesses in *Iphigénie*, occur when there is only a short musical course to run. (From the formal point of view it is a pity that Solti omits the repeat of the first strain in the penultimate chorus of the Priestesses.)

To the lasting despair of all analysts, the evidence that Gluck was a rather poor composer is easily assembled, and yet quite meaningless. Taken simply as a musician, he is, without doubt, inferior to the Rameau he dislodged: the French master's elaborate setting of Psalm 126, broadcast by the BBC last Monday, is typical of a kind of fantasy which Gluck could never have equalled. But Gluck's virtues are of quite another order, and the fact that they are apt to slip through the analytical net does not make them any less real. The dramatic genius which Burney so readily acknowledged was a compound of sensibility and rare intelligence. His was the first truly critical intellect in opera since Monteverdi, and that alone would account for the structural innovations he made in his reform operas. His intellectual appreciation of what was necessary for the renewal of opera was strengthened by an exceptional degree of self-knowledge. 'Beautiful simplicity' was a very proper aim for a composer incapable of the complexities of Rameau or Handel.

Gluck's admission that inspiration was dependant on the promptings of the libretto may be an over-simplification of his own practice but it is not a confession of weakness. In this respect it is worth comparing his wonderfully compact *Iphigénie en Tauride* with the *Medea* of Cherubini, a composer who was obviously Gluck's superior in matters of technique. Whereas in *Medea* Cherubini's invention slackens as the drama intensifies, in *Iphigénie* Gluck rises to the challenge of Act 3, and reaches the heights in Act 4. This kind of acute dramatic responsiveness is what ensures the survival of four or five of Gluck's operas, while the lack of it has now barred from the theatre the finer music of Rameau. The musician has every right to complain that this is inequitable, but opera is a mixed art and it has a harsh equity of its own.

Richard Bennett's one-act Opera *The Ledge*, first performed at Sadler's Wells last week, is not operatic in any real sense. Except for some forced images and one major structural flaw, the libretto is of quite a high literary standard; but it is not conceived in terms of the theatre, and the work would lose very little in concert or radio performances. The music maintains a consistently high level of craftsmanship, and is always a pleasure to listen to. Fluency of this kind is as much a mark of artistic personality as are more obvious idiosyncrasies.

The remainder of the programme at Sadler's Wells consisted of the productions of *Renard* and *The Seven Deadly Sins*, 'direct from the Edinburgh Festival', as the advertisements say. Direct or no, something seems to have happened en route. Except for the admirable Cleo Laine, the musical side of *The Seven Deadly Sins* was allowed to lapse, via the string-playing, into a veritable blancmange of sentimentality; and *Renard* lost what little resilience it had in Edinburgh.

Judo at St Bede's

MAURICE RICHARDSON

The transformation of St Bede's Hall, off Albany Street, NW1, into the Renshuden Judo Club is more nearly complete than you might think from its blackly English parochial facade. Inside everything looks very Japanese. Nipponisation has gone further here than in any other of the 60 London Judo Clubs affiliated to the Budokwai, the 'MCC' of Judo. This is due not so much to the two or three Japanese members, as to the two English tutelary Judo enthusiasts.

The senior of these is Trevor Leggett, the head of the BBC's Japanese section. Leggett, aged 46, tall, grey-haired, pink-faced, with a dreamy expression of manic health, is a fervently yet coolly dedicated Judoite or Judoka. He is the first non-Japanese ever to hold the grade of Sixth Dan. He has lived in Japan, both before and after the war, and is a zealous student of Zen Buddhism. (I suspect that if you were to ask him what he thought of Christmas Humphreys, sometimes acclaimed as the doyen of Zen Buddhists in this country, he might slip through your hold to the floor.) He has compiled *A First Zen Reader* which is, so far, published only in Japan. This book, exquisitely produced, includes a fascinating section on the Zen nature of Judo.

Leggett is very gentle and polite. He has an air of gravity that sits naturally on top of his faintly subtopian, educated yet unsophisticated English background. His father was a well-known violinist. Leggett is a bachelor, non-smoker, teetotaller; he has a single-figure golf handicap, is a fine pianist and a near master-class chess player.

The other English official at the Renshuden is Warwick Stepto, nicknamed Pet. Stepto, aged 30, is a shortish, dark, flexible, rubbery

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young man, so deeply nipponised that his bows and smiles are indistinguishable from the real thing. Stepto, a Third Dan, is a timber technician by trade; he knows Japanese well enough to think in it. Stepto takes the beginners' classes. There are 150 members of the Renshuden Club, ranging from children, who are very gently treated, to Black Belts. Their professions include: lorry driver, spectacle-frame maker, civil engineer, barrister.

You change upstairs in a bare but very clean changing-room before entering the Dojo or wrestling-hall. The Judo kit is a kind of basic coat and trousers invented in Japan in the 1880s, possibly with an eye to military training against Western Imperialists. One of the very few possibly unsatisfactory answers that Judo teachers give you is when you ask how much difference would it make if Judo wrestlers wore shorts and singlets. Occasionally, the impression you get watching the most expert is that of faultlessly athletic fashion models mauling each other around by their hems. Admittedly I make this comment from the prejudiced angle of a boxer. The difference between Judo and Ju-Jitsu always needs to be stated. Judo is self-defensive and, though flexible, full of inhibitions. Many holds are barred or quickly prevented from becoming injurious. Ju-Jitsu – or the even tougher form of *kerate* which includes elaborate exercises for fist and foot toughening – is Judo specially developed for commando purposes.

The philosophical basis of Judo, as Leggett would agree, is, like most of Zen, Taoist in origin. It smacks of quietism and the effortless effort. Its technique is essentially passive. It takes advantage of the opponent's motions and actions to undo him. For this reason a Judo contest between two masters of equal skill can be rather disappointing to the western onlooker.

Novices' training begins with 20 press-ups for flexibility. The Judoka's press-ups are performed with some elaborate trimmings making for a movement like a seal breaking water. After some frog-hopping you go on to the first lesson, Kata and Ukemi. These are the alphabet and grammar of Judo. Ukemi is learning how to fall limply, without inhibitions, like a child or a drunk. Kata is the general technique of posture and balance. The Judoka shortens the distance he has to fall by bending his knees. A split second before his body hits the ground he beats the floor of the Dojo with the flat of his hand and his forearm. This helps to spread the shock. It also accounts for the booming and thumping that fills your ears as soon as you enter the Dojo.

The first falling and rolling exercises which you do more or less supine are not so hard. Our last exercise was an oblique standing fall. Before we broke Stepto made us sit down for a few moments on our heels and relax and let our minds go out into the Void. Mine went under the shower. After I'd changed I watched Saburo Matsushita taking the advanced Judoka. Matsushita, aged 25, was only 21 when he was graded Fifth Dan. He started studying Judo aged 10, has lived over here for some years and hopes to take a university degree in English before he goes back to Japan. Matsushita owes some of his success in Judo to his great muscular strength. His trunk and limbs are remarkably thick and solid with a flexible rubbery quality. He admits that though strength may not be necessary in Judo it is nonetheless a great advantage especially during the ground work. This comes after a throw and is followed by various restrictive holds.

The novice is taught the eight main directions in which the balance can be broken. These are forward, backward, right-side, left-side, right-forward, left-forward, right-backward, left-backward. The first throw taught is the Tsuri-Komi-Goshi or the Fishing Leg Throw – so-called because the right foot fishes inside the opponent's feet. The thrower's body is turned facing the same way as the Uke's. His knees are well bent, torso upright. At the same time as he gets both feet inside the Uke's, his right hand lifts the lapels of the Uke's judogi – his canvas wrestling-jacket. He lifts the lapel high and lifts his opponent off his balance, pulling his body across and over with his left hand. Result is a throw over the back. I interviewed several students of various degrees and asked them all the same question. 'Have you ever had to use Judo in self-defence?' They all said no, but agreed that the realisation of their capabilities gave them a tremendous feeling of self-confidence. The question which everyone asks is: Can a highly skilled Judoka of slight physique take on a heavyweight thug who is ignorant of Judo? After what I have seen I've no hesitation in saying yes. Even the most skilful defensive boxer who goes in for counter-punching has got to make some aggressive move. As soon as he does the Judoka will have him off balance.

When you reach the Black Belt stage, which will take several years, 'certain knowledge' is imparted to you, such as how to render an opponent unconscious and bring him back to consciousness again. You are also taught the secret of the blow with the side of the hand, delivered with the full body weight, so that it can break a bone with ease and possibly cause death. No Judoka is allowed to boast of his prowess or to take advantage of his knowledge. All are amateurs. They admit there are some black sheep, or Judo thugs, in the Judo world, but these are few.

The Slap

Marion Friedmann

'. . . this book has remarkable qualities which set it apart from the general run of recent South African writing.' *Trevor Huddleston.*

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Cold Comfort

ANNABEL FARJEON

For some time I have been wondering why I am not moved by Svetlana Beriosova. She is a classical ballerina with beauty and an aristocratic style of the kind I admire. She is so acute and special that it is impossible not to watch every gesture. Yet since she attained artistic maturity I have never loved her as I did in early days at Sadler's Wells. Last Friday, with the first night of Kenneth Macmillan's *Diversions*, I saw the reason – which is indeed the same reason why a number of Royal Ballet dancers do not touch my heart. They are not enjoying themselves enough. This sense of enjoyment, of revelling in and getting sensual pleasure out of the performance, is, I'm afraid, an essential part of the ballet dancer's art. Miss Beriosova dances the lead in the severely abstract *Diversions*: she does it with fine severity and abstraction, making her body into an exquisite instrument for producing shapes and rhythms, but she does it quite without rapture.

The ballet is a celibate sort of work, that would accentuate any natural coldness. It is obsessed with subtle geometrical angles, and needs warm dancers to liberate the choreography and lift Arthur Bliss's *Music for Strings* out of its pit of crusty buzzing. Although the whole cast was dancing impressively, Graham Usher alone managed to instil a feeling of personal satisfaction into his long soft leaps. The enchanting patterns of movement are wedged into each other, like pieces of marquetry – which, in fact, the decor rather resembles. There are three great arches hung, broken off, one behind the other, over an empty stage. This is particularly effective because their decoration matches, but does not interfere with, the dancers, who perform below against black velvet curtains. The neat tunics appear to be made of muted, delicate masonry, the colour of mossy, sooty and weathered brick. Philip Prowse is plainly one of those rare designers who know how to magnify the stage. This is an unusual ability, for scenery almost always succeeds in strangling action.

The second new ballet to be given at the beginning of this Covent Garden season is called *Jabez and the Devil*. The story is of a young farmer who sells his soul to pay a debt. There is a wife who mopes and moans, there are villagers in leather jerkins and dirndls to condole, minor female demons, in feathers and satin, to lure Jabez to his doom. And, of course, the Devil, and the horrid rock behind which he transacts business and stores his black stove-pipe hat. I don't like the set-up. It results in a clumsy cross between Bridie and Brecht. The Devil, such an interesting character in theory, turns out as conventional as ever.

On the other hand, parts of Alfred Rodrigues' choreography have a pleasant, fresh energy. He copes best with the married couple, Donald Macleary and Antoinette Sibley, who both looked comfortable in their roles. Miss Sibley has developed: she now uses her delicate body with more invention and can throw herself into a *jeté* with posi-

tively Soviet abandon. Alexander Grant, the Devil, performs with his usual gleaming professionalism; but the smile and the hand-rubbing, the black tail-coat, tights and tall hat are all a beastly bore.

The company is dancing well, with more life than usual, and life is what these English dancers too often lack. This deficiency is more often due – despite what people think – to under-professionalism rather than the reverse. The English training develops a certain amateur attitude to work along with certain inhibitions, and ballet masters don't always use their rod of iron, as they must if a consistent level is to be preserved. It struck me forcibly that we are deficient in properly tough *regisseurs* when I saw the Western Theatre Ballet perform at Sadler's Wells.

This small company keeps up a very reasonable standard for its ballets – though they are inclined to be chichi – and it possesses excellent individual dancers. But the stage discipline is bad. Unless technically incapable, there is no excuse for dancers not being together, or for the fidgets and shifting eyes of those who are on the scene, but not meant to move. This is what diverts an audience's attention from the central action and makes a mediocre ballet more or less unbearable.

The best productions were *Le Carnaval*, reproduced with the help of Tamara Karsavina, who danced Columbine to Nijinsky's Harlequin in 1908 and who has remembered and restored some fascinating details, and also – very strong and lurid – *The Seven Deadly Sins*, words by Brecht, music Weill, choreography Macmillan.

The technique of producing ballet on the screen has never been properly developed. Years ago *Red Shoes* made a beginning: during the dance sequences there were moments when the camera gave some startling images of movement which could never have been obtained in any other way. I had hoped that in the film *Black Tights* (Coliseum) Roland Petit, the French choreographer, and Terence Young, the film director, would explore still further. But instead they have unwisely taken four Petit ballets, created for the stage, and photographed them almost, though not quite, as though they were set within the proscenium arch. The result is filmed records which have lost, in varying degrees, their original verve. *Carmen* succeeds best because it is a beautifully planned work of art, in which decor, music and choreography are wonderfully blended. The most exciting effects of the film belong to the Clavé and Wakhevitch decors. Their bold unrealism and colour are very free and unself-conscious, and a great relief.

The three ballerinas are self-conscious all right, with agonised hands and exquisite legs. Zizi Jeanmaire comes out best – tough, slick and endearing. She no longer dances Carmen as poetically as she used to, but everything she does has punch. Moira Shearer plays Roxane in *Cyrano de Bergerac* like a bird in a cage, flitting from perch to perch, a little sad, a little hardened by captivity. Cyd Charisse is a technically efficient French widow, but she hasn't a shred of the humour needed for a satire on funeral and matrimonial conventions. The male stars are brighter and freer. Roland Petit is, as ever, magnetic and stylish, while Dirk Sanders and George Reich are agile, handsome heroes who make Maurice Chevalier's introductory chirping about fairy stories seem almost appropriate.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,648 **Set by A. M. Robertson**

Admission to a medieval guild involved a strict oath. Frame an oath of initiation, specifying three 'do's' and three 'dont's', for one of the following: a professional footballer, a stockbroker, a garage hand, a schoolmaster, a journalist. Entries by 3 October.

Result of No. 1,645 **Set by Cheops**

Competitors are invited to submit three items that might have appeared in a *This England* column in the years 1805, 1814, 1832, 1837, 1848, 1851, 1887, or 1899.

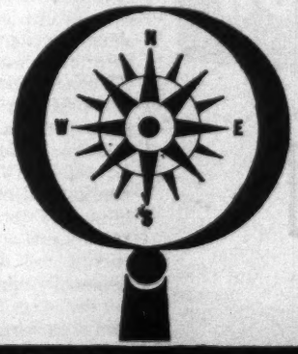
Report

Many of the entries in *This England* itself show reversions of one kind or another to putative 19th-century attitudes, and most competitors were content to hunt out originals for contemporary forms of modern snobbery, savagery and prudery. Good hunting, by and large. Two guineas for each entry printed.

1887

Counsel continued: 'The defendant will scarcely hope to persuade a British jury that a gentleman of his elevated social position would be engaged in intimate conversation with this rough labouring man unless actuated by the depraved, bestial aim of political agitation.' – *The Times.* (O. Wilde.)

Bloody Sunday – If the Worker who expropriated my friend, Henry Salt, of his gold watch during our precipitate withdrawal from Trafalgar Square would return it, discreetly, to me, G.B.S., Haymarket, this Comrade will be congratulated, reimbursed and enabled to restore to Mr Salt



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an item of great sentimental value – his faith in the proletariat. – *Reynolds News.* (W. Morris.)

TROOPER JONES

1851

A man of genteel appearance was apprehended inside the Great Exhibition this week. It was noticed he had a bag of pebbles which he tendered singly and civilly to visitors as a 'souvenir'. Several prominent people spoke as to his respectability and he was later released on surrendering the pebbles and promising not to repeat his unseemly behaviour. It now appears he was an agent for the publishers of the works of Dr Samuel Smiles and his intention, he avowed, was merely to remind people of the worth of moral truth. A moment's thought, he said, would remind most people that *Those in glass houses should not throw stones.* What publicity Dr Smiles' works may get out of this it is difficult to say. – *Illustrated London News.*

W. G. DAISH

1851

Mr Melville's novel, albeit American, cannot but provoke our admiration for the intrepid zeal of the whaling men. Could not a series of chambers in the Crystal Palace, with its conveniently translucent walls, be set aside as Aquaria, in which the prodigious monsters, inhabiting the deeps of Our Gracious Queen's unparalleled empire, might pit their strength against English sailors? – *The Times.*

MILES BURROWS

1899

The West Molesey Progressive Society has sent an urgent letter to the Marquess of Salisbury demanding that his Government take prompt action to reinforce the locks and embankments of the Thames. 'The Herzian waves now being released by Signor Marconi,' said Mr Cudlip, the Molesey President, 'may cause tidal disturbances and even earthquakes, and we must be prepared.' Mr Cudlip, who keeps a dinghy ready in his back garden, wears oilskins and Wellington boots night and day, and makes his wife do the same.

J. A. LINDON

Science Notebook

NIGEL CALDER

It may appear almost academic to talk about weapons of the future during a crisis when the possible use of present weapons is alarming enough. But there are a number of things which need restating. The 100 megaton bomb planned by Russia will not be the extravagantly inefficient weapon that commentators have suggested. As far as one can estimate its effects, it appears to be primarily a fire weapon; and a single bomb would kill virtually everyone in London (no 'millions of survivors' here). However, it would also be highly effective against bases from which retaliation was to be launched: either a dispersed group of 'soft' bases, a 'hard' (dug-in) base or a Polaris submarine. There seems little reason to doubt that the Russians know how to make it already, or that they have the rockets to deliver it.

Secondly, what about the 'neutron bomb', this businessman's weapon which destroys life without destroying property? It is a myth, invented by those who have been agitating for the resumption of nuclear weapons tests in the United States. There is no means known to physicists for releasing sufficient numbers of neutrons sufficiently rapidly which would not involve either a big bang or an over-bulky piece of machinery.

Much more probable is the bomb-carrying satellite. The Americans are actively engaged in planning such a weapon; in the *Vostok* spaceships and the launcher which put up Gagarin and Titov the Russians already have the means to put H-bombs in orbit, ready for calling down when required. Even if they had not thought of the idea themselves (which is unlikely) the Russians must have been influenced by the Americans' enthusiasm for the idea to do some work on it themselves.

If the Soviet Union were to launch a satellite for which they could not fully explain a peaceful mission, the Americans might be understandably tempted to try to destroy it. Conversely, the Russians may get tired of claims about 'spy satellites' – Midas, Samos and the like – which the Americans are developing; and even if their practical value is limited they may come under attack from anti-satellite missiles. Inasmuch as a satellite is a target whose movements are predictable, the anti-satellite missile is not an impossible concept – even though, given sufficient launcher power (which the Russians have), an evasive satellite would not be difficult to make. The day of space weapons is rapidly approaching; and the US navy alone has listed no fewer than ten distinct 'astronautics endeavours' for its future operations.

The anti-missile missile, however, remains an absurd idea. The Americans are developing Nike-Zeus and they hope to give a demonstration soon in which it will destroy a missile in flight. It is likely that they will succeed. But there is a world of difference between such a setpiece demonstration and a practicable defence system for protecting chosen potential targets against a massive attack by swift missiles from many possible launching places, remote or near, aided by counter-measures such as evasion and decoys. The cost of an effective system, even for defending military bases only, would be wholly ruinous.

The technological trends which make attack easier (if you keep up to date) and defence more difficult are continuing apace. The military advantages of striking first grow steadily as 'thinking time' diminishes. The predicament of a small country which dabbles in nuclear weapons but lacks the giant liquid-fuel rockets and satellites, the small solid-fuel rockets and missile submarines of the professionally-minded nuclear powers, gets worse as the days pass. Indeed the amateurism symbolised by the V-bomber is, on technical grounds, one of the most serious charges against Britain's defence planners.

If it were true that the survival of Britain in freedom hangs upon nuclear weapons, as we are told, then we ought to be doing the job properly: it would not be beyond our resources, if we put the economy on a war footing, urgently to develop sophisticated delivery systems, and to create the apparatus, shelters, food and water stocks and so on needed to give a few people a chance of living through an all-out nuclear attack. We should have to be cleverer than the Russians because our geography is all against us; and the all-out effort would ruin us economically, even more quickly than the present half-hearted gesturing. But if survival and freedom *really* depend on it, what choice have we?

Of course, they do not; and the present defence policy is a tacit acceptance of that fact. Either way, weighing up on purely technical scales, the deterrent value of present weapon systems, British and British-based, against the provocation that they represent is a salutary exercise.

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City Lights

TAURUS

The possibility of financial drama at the annual meeting of the International Monetary Fund seldom becomes actual. But currency speculators have made it into one of their regular feasts. It should have been a good feast this year. The British payments problem is as intractable and the standing of the pound as uncertain as it has ever been. The ghouls are already licking their lips over the dollar and the likely effects of President Kennedy's crash programme. And the sweeping reforms which were to turn the IMF into something like the central bank for central bankers which Keynes was advocating in 1944 have finally come to nothing. If the foreign exchange markets are steady – unusually quiet, in fact – it is thanks to Mr Krushchev. The IMF met to the news of Mr Hammarskjold's death and of Dr Adenauer's likely retirement; business goes on as usual, but nobody is in the mood for high speculative jinks.

* * *

Nothing very exciting, in fact, seems to be coming out of the meeting of governors of the IMF and the World Bank. Mr Jacobsson, conscious of his personal importance as intermediary between the radical and traditionalist camps, is out to get as much as he can get agreed before he retires: that amounts to a reasonable increase in the lending resources of the Fund, produced by obtaining limited power to borrow on stand-by credit from any country whose currency happens to be particularly strong at the time. This is only a temporary expedient which does little to meet the danger of a serious run on the dollar. It is better than nothing only if the West remains aware of the precariousness of the basis on which its system of payments rests; the new OECD which is to replace the Marshall Plan OEEC (in which Europe and North America will deal with one another as near-equals) may prove a better place for practical negotiation than the 70-nation-strong IMF.

* * *

Even less seems to be coming out of the World Bank, the main international body for providing loans to underdeveloped countries, than out of the IMF. It is significant that Mr Eugene Black, a dedicated but essentially practical president, is now seriously worried about the short-term foreign exchange obligations which underdeveloped countries are accumulating; if the momentum of economic development is to be maintained, he considers, a larger proportion of total aid will have to be provided in uncommercial form – either as straight grants or very long-term loans at negligible rates of interest, Russian-style. Mr Lloyd, who is concerned with his own immediate problems, bristled. Mr Lloyd, it seems, had just been taken aback in Accra to find out that the Commonwealth finance ministers are not enthusiastic about the idea of British negotiations with the Six – a fact which the whirlwind visits of Messrs Sandys, Thorneycroft and Hare had already made obvious.

Talks between Commonwealth and British officials are now taking place in London. But, since no Commonwealth government is likely to begin by offering to give up advantages it

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THOMAS YOSELOFF

possesses at present, and since our own officials are reluctant to discuss the terms of an eventual compromise for fear that it may be leaked and forced on them as an opening position, the talks are unlikely to make much progress. We are still in the noise-making stage.

* * *

Industrial production was still rising in July, for what that is worth, despite a further drop in the rate of industrial stockbuilding; but stockbuilding now seems to have fallen further (the latest steel production figures are 20 per cent down on last year) and the recent inquiry into industry's investment plans suggests that this kind of spending, largely because of second thoughts in the motor business, will fall off sharply during the next few months. Imports began to rise again during August but the rise was too small to matter, while a simultaneous rise in exports was due entirely to the fact that several expensive ships happened to be completed and delivered during the month: visible trade is still in surplus, but much too small a surplus, given the disappearance of our comfortable invisible income, to rest on. Profits are beginning to fall, and the squeeze is getting tighter. The City is still trying to accustom itself to the prospect of poor company results accompanied by an even greater flow of new capital issues.

* * *

The Inland Revenue is at last reported to be looking into those foreign trust funds which accumulate all their income. Surtax payers can benefit from investing in unit or investment trusts which pay out no dividends – as they can if they invest in life assurance. But if they invest in British trusts which plough back all income, they have to pay income tax *and surtax* on the ploughed-back dividend. Instead, they invest in the similar trusts which are popular in North America (where there is a capital gains tax) and which have been established in the West Indies to suit British needs. The tax position of British investors in such trusts has always been uncertain, with the risk decreasing every year that the Revenue took no action: now, having drastically reduced the number of people anxious to take advantage of such loopholes, it may begin to stop them up.

Company News

Debenhams is planning to raise £4½m from a rights issue, *Laporte Industries* £4½m; the £7½m of convertible debenture offered by *Courage, Barclay & Simonds* was subscribed four times over.

Guy Motors, after several years of poor results and no dividend, has finally been put into the hands of a receiver by its bank.

Tootal's profits are only slightly up, despite the acquisition of a paper-making subsidiary. Since most textiles have been doing well, the new subsidiary may be the explanation.

Dimplex has increased its profit by no less than 80 per cent; its dividend, to please the Chancellor, is up only from 25 to 35 per cent.

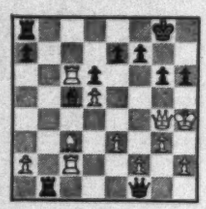
News of the World profits in the first half-year were well up, thanks to the increase in newspaper prices, and are expected to be even better in the second half.

British Petroleum is not only having to live with higher production and selling costs, but the Middle East taxes it pays are based on posted oil prices rather than those it actually gets; it sold 9½ per cent more oil in its first half-year, but its profit after tax was down by 15½ per cent.

The Chess Board

No. 619. Out of the Maze

Most of us delight in positions so bewilderingly complicated as to seem to be almost (but never quite) beyond the scope of proper analysis. Usually that sort of position arises from the hell-for-leather sort of game, with both players all out for an immediate decision and the chance of triumph or disaster on a razor's edge. A very pretty case in point (Klasups-Gipslis, Riga 1960) has been reported by *Deutsche Schachzeitung*. Here's the crucial position, with Black to move and obviously obliged to consider the mating threat Rc8. Nothing to worry about, though, since . . . Kh7 woud gain a precious tempo to be utilised for his own attack. As a matter of fact, Black should have won right away by . . .Qg2 since, after the checking interlude on c8 White's first duty would have been h3, whereupon he would have been helpless against . . . Rh1 and . . . g5†. However, Black did play . . . Qd3, hoping for 2) Rc8†,Kh7; 3) Ra8:,g5†; 4) Kh3,Qf1 mate. But White didn't oblige, the sequel being 2) Qc8†!!,Kh7; 3) Qa8:,g5†; 4) Kh3, and now, with the f1-mate ruled out by the g4-flight square so neatly vacated by the Queen, Black had to see a perpetual by . . . Qf5†; 5) Kg2,Qe4†; 6) Kh3,Qf5† etc. But there's a good deal more in the position such as the *post-pacem* idea to counter . . . Qd3 by 2) Rc8†,Kh7; 3) Qf3,g5†; 4) Kh3,f5; 5) Ra8:,g4†; 6) Kh4,gf:; 7) Kh5 etc. Certainly a win for White, but no sooner found than refuted by avoiding Black's bloomer 5) . . . g4† and substituting the winner 5) . . . Qf1†. The verdict: in the diagram-position Black could have won by . . . Qg2, but after . . . Qd3 White couldn't have done better than he did in forcing the draw.



Now here ((Arnold-Nikulski, 1960) is another one of those positions calling for a bit of *panache*. /8/pp2k1p1/kt2pKt3/3Pp1P1/1P2P2q/P1Q1KP2/7r/2R5/. White, alas, showed timidity rather than *panache*, and after 1) Rf1?,Ra2! he soon lost. Yet, he could have saved ½ point very neatly by 1) Qc7†!!,Ktc7:; 2) Rc7:†,Ke8; 3) Ktg†7,Kf8; 4) Ktc6†,Kg8; 5) Rc8†,Kh7; 6) Rc7†,Kg6; 7) Rg7†,Kh5; 8) Rh7†,Kg6; 9) Rg7† etc.

Finally, a somewhat unorthodox brevity leading to an amusing *dénouement*:

1) e4, e6; 2) h4, d5; 3) e5, Bc5; 4) d4, Bb6; 5) Qg4, Kf8; 6) Bg5, f6; 7) Bd3, c5; 8) c3, fg:; 9) hg:, Qe7; 10) Qf4-g4, Qf7;

And how now White forced the win in a few moves should be an easy 4-pointer for beginners, particularly with my useful hint that a humble pawn turns out to be the hero of the drama.

B, a draw, is quite a bargain for 6 ladder-points, thanks to my useful hint of stalemate. Obviously, so as to force it, White must rid himself of his pawns, and If I said any more I might as well print the solution here and now. For 7 points **C** is a win, and by way of a useful hint I will merely whisper the one word *zugzwang*. Usual prizes. Entries by 2 October.

B.: F. Lazard 1930: /8/pp1pppp1/3p2p1/PP2P1P1/K1P4P/8/k7/8/.

C: V. A. Korolkov 1948: /5q2/1p1kp3/1P4p1/4B3/3Kt3K/1B6/5P2/8/.

REPORT on No. 616. Set 1 September

A: 1) Bb8†, Ka6; 2) Ktc5†, Ka5; 3) Bc7†, Kb4; 4) Ktd3†, etc.

B: 1) Rg7!, Kc2; 2) Rg2†, Kb3; 3) Ra2!!, Ka2:; 4) a7, etc. Or 1) . . . Rh2; 2) Rg1† followed by Ra1.

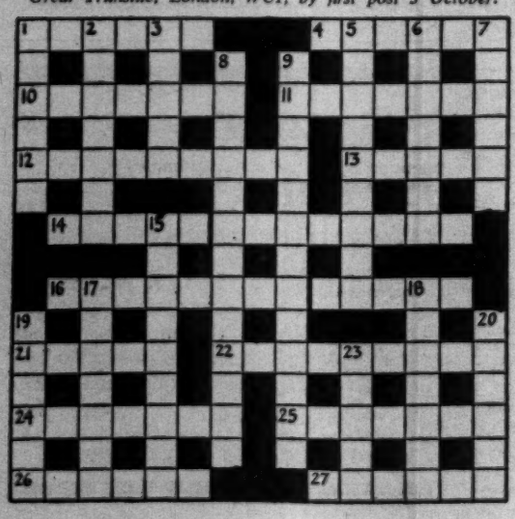
C: 1) Qc5†, Ke4; 2) Qd4†, Kf5; 3) Kth4†, Kg5; 4) Kf2, Qd6!; 5) Qg7†, Kh4; 6) Qc7!, etc.

Many tricked by **C**; prizes: G. Abrahams, D. E. Cohen, M. P. Furmston, H. Garfath, E. Jarah.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 476

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 476, New Statesman, Great Trunstile, London, WC1, by first post 3 October.



ACROSS

1. Make a fresh mould from scattered traces (6).
4. 'Better dwell in the midst of ——' (Cowper) (6).
10. Toy of which everyone is in favour (7).
11. Quoted in actual performance (7).
12. Mark when crazy lions come (9).
13. A woman without time for modesty (5).
14. Holiday makers have to train this year's Australians (5, 8).
16. Possible cheer critical for punishment (8, 5).
21. Name for sailor with land transport (5).
22. Illumination perhaps might pall (9).
24. Weapon for a girl disdainfully treated? (7).
25. Coming into being with a final rise (7).
26. Valuable question about a fragment (6).
27. Difficult situation in which credit is doubled (6).

DOWN

1. The strong would have to waste away if there were no transport (6).
2. Commonwealth place which makes an officer boom wildly (7).
3. I enter the unending race as a philosopher (5).
5. Tradesman who makes him stock fifty reordered (9).
6. Draw back when Barkis, for example, comes up first (7).
7. Join up when I am needed to make an army man (6).
8. He has one-sided views (13).
9. Statement in which I, for example, join firmly (13).
15. The insect consumes the broken rock found in the carriage (9).
17. One who finds cool art confusing (7).
18. Resigns wrongly as a means of entry (7).
19. Without doctors the city would become animal (6).
20. Makes an announcement with the gallery at heart (6).
23. Possibly second in a close race (5).

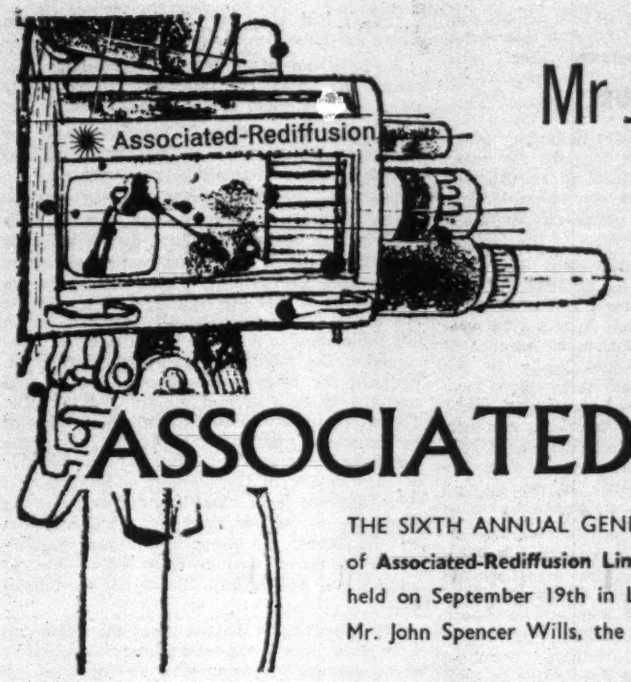
SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 474

M	I	N	O	R	C	A		F	L	A	G	G	E	D
U		O		A		C		A		S		R		O
F	R	O	B	I	S	H	E	R		C	L	E	A	N
F		S		L		I		M		O		E		K
L	E	E	C	H		E	X	I	S	T	E	N	C	E
E		E		V		N				W		Y		
R	U	M	M	A	G	E		G	A	L	L	O	W	S
		A		D				I		O				
M	A	T	I	S	S	E		M	A	T	A	D	O	R
I		E		N		A		E				E		
T	E	R	P	A	N	D	E	R		R	U	C	K	S
H		I		I		O		T	A	H		I		
R	E	A	M	S		W	H	I	S	T	L	I	N	G
A		L		L		E		A		U		N		N
S	U	S	P	E	N	D		L	I	A	S	C	A	R	S

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 474

E. Fitzgerald (Tunbridge Wells)
D. F. Blackman (Hounslow)
F. Altschul (nr Dunmow)



Mr John Spencer Wills reports.

What is the future of ASSOCIATED-REDIFFUSION?

THE SIXTH ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of **Associated-Rediffusion Limited** was held on September 19th in London, Mr. John Spencer Wills, the Chairman, presiding.

Moving the adoption of the Report and Accounts for the year ended 30th April, 1961 the Chairman said:—

"You will have seen from the Accounts that the profit was just about the same as it was last year. It only appears to be more because we did not consider it necessary to repeat the £500,000 provision for obsolescence which we made last year and the year before that.

ADVERTISEMENT REVENUE

A gratifying feature of the year is the continued growth in advertisement revenue, which shows an increase of some 16% over that for the previous year. This must be accepted as a striking indication of the value of television advertising in the London area, which now has a potential audience of over nine million viewers. We have been glad to welcome many new advertisers.

In this year's Budget, television advertising was singled out for special taxation in the form of Television Advertisement Duty. This was at the rate of 10% as from 1st May but was increased to 11% as from 26th July.

Any comment by me about this new impost would probably be regarded as wholly selfish, so I will content myself with quoting the well-known economist, Mr. Graham Hutton:—

> "The oddest new tax is that (ostensibly) on advertising by television. It is almost a classic offence against all of Adam Smith's famous canons of taxation. Purporting to hit at the profits of the programme-contracting companies, it was admittedly expected to be passed on to advertisers. Since these people and their advertising agents work to budgets of their own, and TV has the biggest impact on their markets, its effect will be completely to by-pass TV advertising, and come to rest on all other forms of advertising. It would have been far better (as Lord Hinchingbrooke and many others in all three parties in the Commons pointed out) to come out into the open with a straight tax on all advertising."

We took special steps to assist those advertisers whose budgets could not immediately be adjusted to meet the Duty. In the case of bookings which, under our General Terms and Conditions of Contract, were subject to eight weeks' notice of cancellation, we reduced the cancellation period to one week for bookings within the eight-week period following the imposition of the Duty. In cases where advertisers had entered into non-cancellable contracts for guaranteed expenditure before the imposition of the Duty, we agreed that the advertisers concerned could, if they so desired, include the appropriate Duty in their guaranteed expenditure, the rate of discount remaining unchanged and continuing to be payable on guaranteed expenditure excluding Duty.

In 1960, over £134 million was spent on advertising in the United Kingdom Press. This is 17½% more than the £114 million spent in 1959 and is the highest annual expenditure ever recorded by The Statistical Review of Press Advertising. Expenditure on TV advertising also reached a record figure, the total for 1960 being just under £77 million.

Television still has a considerable distance to go to catch up. Any tax upon advertising is a burden upon the export trade. But this new tax burden is more a matter for complaint by the advertisers than by the advertising medium.

OPERATING COSTS

Our operating costs have continued to rise and show an increase of some 14% over the previous year's figure. There will be a further substantial increase in the current year. The production of television programmes is indeed an expensive business.

Our new million pound Studio 5 at Wembley, now in continuous use, has proved its worth; the additional space and improved facilities which it provides have, I think, been reflected in improvement in the range and in the artistic and technical quality of our programmes.

It is not wholly surprising that an industry which earns large profits should be a target for the Trades Unions concerned. Very large increases in pay have been negotiated and it is inevitable that our friendly rivals, the B.B.C., should also have been affected. There is one application, however, which shocks even me, who has been closely concerned in wage negotiations, in different industries, for a large number of years. And that has been lodged by The British Actors Equity Association, commonly called "Equity".

When Independent Television started, the minimum fee payable to an actor in a B.B.C. production was 6 guineas; this sum was "earned" by an actor who walked on and said, "My Lord, the carriage awaits". By negotiation, this minimum for a national appearance on Independent Television was, from the start in 1955, increased to 7 guineas and, in 1958, was raised again to 10 guineas. Equity have now demanded, for a comparable actor, a minimum fee of 36 guineas, an increase of 260%. They have also demanded, for the national appearance on Independent Television of an actor speaking more than ten words, a minimum payment of 44 guineas, an increase of 340%.

It is not normally considered good practice to discuss Trade Union negotiations whilst they are in progress but, in this case, Equity have publicly announced the calling of a strike. They have issued an instruction to their members not to accept any engagement in any ITV programme (except commercials) which involves any work on or after the 1st November.

The demands in support of which the strike has been called are so fantastic that negotiations are at an end. We, in television, need actors; we, in television, have given them very considerable support in many directions. We are not, however, prepared to accede to ridiculous demands.

It is not surprising that, in their latest instruction to their members, the Council of Equity said, "Our original proposals were made with full knowledge that we might well not achieve a new deal in Independent Television as a result of discussions over the negotiating table . . .".

PROGRAMMES

It has always been the Board's policy to give the maximum possible responsibility and freedom of action to our programme planning and production staff, and I think the staff are again to be congratulated upon the results of their work.

Although size of audience is not the sole criterion of success, it is pleasing to note that Associated-Rediffusion productions continue to figure prominently in the weekly lists of top-rating programmes. It seems to me that the test of success for any public service – particularly where an alternative is available – must, in large measure, be the extent to which the public use that service.

An outstanding event during the year was the production last March of "Laudes Evangelii", a presentation of episodes in the life of Christ told in music, mime and ballet. This programme,

[continued overleaf

continued from p. 407

which was transmitted at peak viewing time on Good Friday and seen by some four and a quarter million viewers, received unqualified praise from leaders of the main branches of the Christian religion in this country. This was, in every way, a most challenging production and, apart from the public and press response to it, the spirit in which the challenge was accepted by the very large number of staff concerned made the occasion memorable. The critic who accuses Independent Television of programme parsimony may be interested to learn that the cost of "Laudes Evangelii" was £28,000.

INTERTEL

Another outstanding and adventurous programme development during the year was the formation of the International Television Federation, known shortly as "Intertel". This is an association of major television organisations in the English-speaking world which came into being on the initiative of Associated-Rediffusion. Our Controller of Programmes has been elected the first Chairman of the Federation Council. The member organisations have undertaken to produce, exchange and distribute, throughout the world, high class documentary feature programmes on current world problems. Our first two contributions, "The Quiet War" and "The Heartbeat of France", each costing £20,000, have been shown to peak-time audiences in this country, Australia and Canada and on sixty stations in the United States of America. We believe that Intertel can do much to increase the knowledge and understanding of current situations and problems throughout the world.

I mentioned last year the recent establishment of an International Division. Measured in terms of revenue, it cannot yet be described as a major activity but you will be interested to know that Associated-Rediffusion programmes, including plays and drama series, documentary feature programmes and schools programmes, have been sold in thirty-three different countries. Some of our schools programmes have been sold in such remote and differing places as Ethiopia, Thailand, Saudi Arabia, Nicaragua, Southern Rhodesia and Australia, and America and a number of European countries may shortly be added to the list. Whilst these developments are not yet of great financial significance, you will, I am sure, be glad to know that an international reputation is gradually being established; the sort of reputation that could be of great value if, during the next few years, the international exchange of programmes by satellites were to become practicable.

Increasing use is being made of television programmes for schools, which Associated-Rediffusion pioneered four years ago. The number of schools taking the programmes has risen from eighty to fifteen hundred and may well exceed two thousand during the fifth year just commenced. We are grateful to Sir Ifor Evans, Provost of University College, for having taken over the Chairmanship of our Educational Advisory Council in succession to Sir Sydney Caine, whose resignation, on his appointment as a member of the Independent Television Authority, I mentioned last year.

At our meeting four years ago, I suggested that if you had not seen our schools programmes, you should take an opportunity of doing so. They are well worth viewing by adults and I repeat the suggestion now. Our French language series, "Chez les Dupré", has, in fact, been transmitted in evening programmes and seen by audiences of over two million in the London area. The fact that close on 45,000 explanatory booklets were sold to viewers indicates the interest which was taken in this experiment in adult education. Another of our schools programmes, "London, Capital City" is now being transmitted in evening programme time.

THE FUTURE

To the Pilkington Committee of Inquiry which was appointed last year to consider and make recommendations on the future of broadcasting services in this country, we have submitted our views and evidence. The Committee's Report is expected some time next year.

The facts that the Independent Television Authority is to cease to exist in 1964; that the contracts of programme contractors terminate in the same year; that there has been a great deal of publicity given to an enormous number of irreconcilable recommendations made to the Pilkington Committee – all these facts have caused, and are bound to have caused, some unrest and uneasiness among our staff. Are their jobs safe? Are they reasonably certain of continued employment? Is there any risk that they may have wasted their time? In my opinion there is no cause for alarm, no justification even for misgiving.

The main shareholders in Associated-Rediffusion have been engaged in the provision and management of public services for two-thirds of a century – ever since 1896. I myself have been so engaged for forty years. Railways, tramways, trackless trolleys, radio stations, television stations, the generation and distribution of electricity, the manufacture and distribution of coal-gas, airlines, wired radio, wired television, motor omnibus services, road goods transport – all these activities, not only in the United Kingdom, but in countries all over the world, have been our life. The bus interests alone embrace 13,000 public service vehicles. Is it surprising that we should have been entrusted with the task of furnishing television programmes to the largest city in the western hemisphere? Sixty-six years of public service and, let it be said, of *successful* public service, on a large scale, cannot lightly be disregarded.

Railways, tramways, electricity undertakings and gas undertakings were mostly operated under individual Statutes. The air services were operated under short term licences granted by a Statutory Authority. The wired radio and television undertakings are currently operated under long term licences from the Post Office but, for many years, could have been stopped at short notice. The omnibus services have, for the last thirty years, been operated under short term licences. But always it has been the practice, provided that the operators properly discharged their responsibilities to the public they served, for the licences to be renewed without question.

My personal belief is that our staff have no reason to fear any departure from the licencing practice established over so many decades.

Our shares are widely held. The British Electric Traction Co. Ltd. have 37,500 shareholders, Rediffusion Ltd. have 12,000 shareholders and they, between them, are the virtual owners of Associated-Rediffusion Ltd.; that is to say, we are owned by nearly 50,000 individuals.

Why should any Government wish to shatter the existing scheme of things?

The main criticism hurled against us is that the State does not take a sufficient share of our profits. Let us examine the figures for the year under review. The Associated-Rediffusion Group's gross revenue was in excess of £21,000,000. From this the State takes (including a substantial part of our payment to the Independent Television Authority) £5,000,000 and our 50,000 shareholders will, if you accept your Board's recommendation, receive £2,250,000. Had the Television Advertisement Duty been in operation during the year, the State would have taken another £1,470,000.

Our shareholders took the risk of losing all their investment. At one stage, in 1956, they had, in fact, lost the enormous sum of £3,250,000. The State took no risk at all. If the Company had gone into liquidation, the State would not have lost one penny.

As it is, out of the profits which have succeeded the losses, *the State will receive nearly three times as much as the shareholders.*

It seems to me that, if there is cause for complaint, the shareholders have more right to complain than anyone else!

The main criticism of the Independent Television Authority is that a large part of their work is done behind the scenes, that they do not publicly admonish their programme contractors if anything goes wrong. Those of us in the business know that the Authority keep an eagle eye and a firm hand upon all that goes on. In my submission it is in the interests of all concerned – the public, the Government, the advertisers, the employees – that control should continue to be exercised quietly and tactfully. To me, personally involved in the settlement of an enormous number of problems during the formative years and since, it has been a matter of surprise and of considerable admiration that there has not been more friction between the Authority on the one hand and the Contractors on the other. No Government can possibly afford to throw over a body which has so happily and successfully carried out its difficult task.

My conviction is that whatever the Pilkington Committee may recommend about alternative or competitive programmes or any other of the many subjects to which they are devoting so much time and attention, two steps are certain:—

(1) The Independent Television Authority will be given a new lease of life.

(2) The existing programme contractors will continue to provide television programmes.

SUBSIDIARY COMPANIES

The subsidiary companies this year have made a considerably increased contribution to the group profit and we are confident that this trend will continue.

The TV Times, owned by our subsidiary TV Publications Ltd., now publishes a Border Edition containing the programmes of Border Television Ltd., the new Independent Television programme company which commenced transmissions at the beginning of this month. Arrangements have also been made for the publication of a Grampian Edition to cover the programmes of Grampian Television Ltd., which is to commence transmissions very shortly.

We now hold all the ordinary capital, and all but an insignificant amount of the preference capital, of Wembley Stadium Ltd. The Board of that company has, during the past year, given very considerable thought to future development with a view to enhancing the world-wide reputation of the Stadium and Pool as first-class sporting and entertainment centres.

Plans for a 48-lane bowling alley, with the most modern restaurant and other necessary amenities, are now far advanced and this project will be proceeded with as soon as possible.

Another interesting development is the recent acquisition by Wembley Stadium Ltd. of a 25% interest in Wembley Trust Ltd., similar interests having been acquired by Allnatt (London) Ltd., Central and District Properties Ltd. and Warnford Investments Ltd. The Wembley Trust company owns valuable properties on some 15 acres of land adjoining the Stadium grounds. It is too early for me at this stage to do more than report the acquisition.

MANAGEMENT AND STAFF

I have already paid tribute to our programme planning and production staff. You will, I know, wish me to express grateful thanks to all those who work for you, for their enormous contribution to the success of Associated-Rediffusion."

The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

cost 6s. 6d. per line (average six words), minimum two lines Box number 2s. 6d Prepayment essential Semi-display giving greater prominence £3 per inch. Copy by Tuesday first post New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

ESSEX
COUNTY YOUTH SERVICE

Applications are invited for the post of UNATTACHED YOUTH WARDEN for duties as required at the Committee's Youth Centres, and to assist particularly in the development of the service.

Candidates should hold a Degree, Social Science Certificate/Diploma or Teacher's Certificate, and must have had experience in Youth work or teaching.

Salaries in accordance with Grade II of the Committee's scales for full-time Wardens of Youth Centres, viz: £925 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,125 p.a. plus a non-pensionable travelling allowance of £40 p.a. The scale is subject to additions for training and graduate qualifications, if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Salary Report conditions. Previous comparable experience will be taken into account in assessing the commencing salary. Assistance towards removal expenses in approved cases.

Further details and application form obtainable from the Chief Education Officer, County Gardens, Rainsford Road, Chelmsford. Closing date 9 October 1961.

ESSEX
LAINDON COMMUNITY CENTRE

A full-time WARDEN is required for 1 December, or as soon as possible thereafter. Applications are invited from persons with suitable academic qualifications and/or experience of Community Centre work.

Housing accommodation can be arranged. Assistance towards removal expenses in approved cases.

Salary in accordance with Grade I of the Committee's scale for Community Centre Wardens, viz. £875 x £30(6) x £20(1) to £1,075 per annum, plus additions for training and qualifications if in accordance with Burnham Further Education Report conditions.

Details and application form from the Chief Education Officer, County Gardens, Rainsford Road, Chelmsford. Closing date 9 October 1961.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL
CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

CHILD CARE OFFICER (Female) required to work in new Area Office, Cheltenham, covering busy Urban District and North Cotswolds. New appointment to increase boarding out but all aspects of Child Care, including adoption, covered. Work should be varied and interesting with scope for enterprise.

Salary within new Social Worker's Scale (£665-£975 p.a.), starting point according to qualifications and experience. Preference will be given to those holding Child Care Certificate. Superannuated post. Medical examination before appointment. Canvassing will disqualify.

Applications giving details of age, education, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees to be forwarded to THE CHILDREN'S OFFICER, ST JOHN'S LANE, GLOUCESTER, within 14 days.

GUY H. DAVIS,
Clerk of the County Council.

THE CORPORATION OF GLASGOW
(Education Department)
APPOINTMENT OF WELFARE OFFICERS IN SCHOOLS

Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons, both Protestant and Roman Catholic, between 22 and 44 years of age (inclusive). Applicants must hold Senior Leaving Certificate or equivalent and Social Science Diploma or Certificate: experience in social case work an advantage.

The duties will be mainly to make contact with pupils whose conduct and character have been presenting special difficulty, to keep in touch with them in their homes, and to assist them to make suitable use of leisure time.

The salary will be paid according to (a) AGE – up to 28 years, £610-£780 per annum and (b) SERVICE – 29 years and over £810-£1,025 per annum. (The Scale is that applicable to Probation Officers). Forms of application together with details of conditions of service may be obtained from the Director of Education, 129 Bath Street, and must be returned to him not later than 30 September 1961.

ALEXANDER ROOKE, Town Clerk,
City Chambers, Glasgow, C2.

BOOK Publishers require female editorial and clerical assistant for art book publishers. Applicants should be well-educated and preferably have shorthand. Box 5786.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

EAST RIDING OF YORKSHIRE EDUCATION COMMITTEE
SOUTH HUNSLEY COUNTY SECONDARY SCHOOL
AND
INSTITUTE OF FURTHER EDUCATION
APPOINTMENT OF HEADMASTER/WARDEN

Applications are invited from educators of imagination and energy for this post which, because of the appointment of the present Headmaster/Warden as HM Inspector of Schools, will become vacant as from Easter 1962. The man appointed will be Head of the general secondary school which provides a variety of courses, including GCE, and, as Warden, will also exercise a general oversight of the flourishing Institute of Further Education which meets in the same premises. In his latter duties he will be assisted by a full-time tutor/organiser. Salary will be in accordance with Group XIV of the Burnham Scale for Head Teachers' Allowances plus an additional £200.

The post offers great scope to a man who wishes to develop a many-purpose secondary school which also serves as an educational and social centre for its neighbourhood.

The school is a new one opened in 1956 and is very well appointed. A modern three-bedroomed house is available for the Headmaster on the site.

Further particulars of this important and interesting post may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Beverley, Yorkshire, and applications should reach him not later than 27 October 1961.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR SOCIAL WORK TRAINING

Lectureship in Case Work

and

Lectureship on the Social Services and Social Conditions

Applications are invited by 7 October for a Lectureship in Case Work and for a Lectureship on the Social Services and Social Conditions. Salary scale £1,050 to £1,850, with superannuation and family allowances. Commencing salary according to age, qualifications and experience. Further particulars from: The Registrar, National Institute for Social Work Training, Mary Ward House, Tavistock Place, London, WC1.

DERBYSHIRE COUNTY COUNCIL – CHILDREN'S COMMITTEE

There is an immediate vacancy for a temporary Child Care Officer (suitably qualified) who, subject to satisfactory service, would be absorbed into the permanent establishment in the autumn of 1962.

Salary Scale £665-£975 per annum. Commencing salary according to qualifications and experience.

Application forms and further details from County Children's Officer, County Offices, Matlock.

D. G. GILMAN,
Clerk of the County Council.

CITY OF SHEFFIELD
CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT
RESIDENT HOME SUPERVISORS
and
RESIDENT ASSISTANT HOME SUPERVISORS

Applications are invited from women between 23 and 45 who are interested in the welfare of adolescent girls at the newly opened 'MOORSIDE' School, Blackbrook Road, Sheffield, 10.

Supervisors – Salary £625-£725.
Assistants – £475-£600.
Less emoluments £120 p.a.
Training available.
Annual leave six weeks.

Further particulars from the Children's Officer, 155 Norfolk Street, Sheffield, 1. Tel. 27241, ext. 319.

COUNTY COUNCIL OF ESSEX

ASSISTANT HOUSEMOTHERS (not under 19 years) resident, required for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 5-15 years. Training or experience desirable but not essential. Separate bedroom and good holidays. Minimum salary £35 per month rising to £44 10s. less valuation of emoluments.

Write: Children's Officer, 220 London Road, Chelmsford.

BOTLEYS PARK HOSPITAL, CHERTSEY, SURREY

SENIOR PSYCHOLOGIST

required for vacancy occurring 1 December 1961 at this modern hospital for the mentally subnormal. Recently designed department. Emphasis on rehabilitation of the subnormal, education of severely subnormal children and research on these problems.

Applications to the Physician Superintendent.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY OF CORNWALL

Applications are invited from suitably qualified and experienced women between the ages of 25 and 45, for the post of Child Care Visitor in West Cornwall. The successful applicant will be responsible for all aspects of child care work in the Camborne/Redruth area.

Salary within the scale £825-£975 plus £25 in lieu of overtime. For further particulars and forms of application apply not later than 6 October 1961, to Children's Officer, 11 Strangways Terrace, Truro, Cornwall.

E. T. VERGER,
Clerk of the County Council,
County Hall, Truro.

ADMINISTRATIVE COUNTY OF WILTS

Applications invited from suitably qualified women for three posts of Child Care Officer. Salary within the scale £665 to £975, according to qualifications and experience. Advanced starting point within the scale for persons holding the Home Office Certificate in Child Care. Application forms and full details from the Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Trowbridge, returnable as soon as possible.

DIETITIAN LECTURERS

The Flour Advisory Bureau is seeking further members for their team of Dietitian-Lecturers and would welcome applications from graduates in domestic subjects or qualified dietitians. The department gives talks and demonstrations throughout the country on nutrition, catering and cooking with special reference to flour, bread and flour products.

Write 21 Arlington St, London, SW1.

BATH ACADEMY OF ART, CORSHAM, WILTSHIRE
Principal, Clifford Ellis

Applications are invited for a full-time post of Senior Lecturer. Candidates should be able to assist the Principal Lecturer in Fine Art in the organisation of courses in his Department.

Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Principal at the above address. H. W. Brand, Director of Education, Bath.

INTERVIEWING THE PUBLIC

Are you interested in becoming an interviewer? Then why not work for a really progressive firm using the most modern and interesting methods?

We are looking for women with a good standard of education, aged between 25 and 45, who have three or more days a week to spare

We would also like to hear from women who feel that their educational background and personality give them the special qualities which are required for depth interviewing. Replies to Box 5595

PERSONAL SECRETARIES
GRADE II
UGANDA GOVERNMENT

Required for one tour of 21-27 months in first instance.

Commencing salary according to age and experience in scale £978 a year rising to £1,239 a year. A candidate aged 28 would enter the scale at £1,056 a year. Outfit allowance £30. Gratuity 25% total salary drawn. Free passages. Liberal leave on full salary.

Candidates must be single women, competent shorthand-typists (min. speeds 120/50 w.p.m.), with a good general knowledge of filing systems and office routine.

Apply to CROWN AGENTS, 4 Millbank, London, SW1, for application form and further particulars, stating age, name, brief details of qualifications and experience and quoting reference M3A/53486/NJ.

ST DUNSTAN'S requires the services of a capable single lady aged between 30/40 years and resident in the Warwickshire area for Welfare Visiting duties in the Midlands and South Wales. Applicants should preferably have a Social Science or nursing qualification and previous experience in dealing with people and their problems is essential. They must also be able to drive a car and be prepared to undergo a medical examination. Write giving age and full particulars of experience and qualifications to Mr C. D. Wills, Welfare Superintendent, St Dunstan's, 191 Marylebone Rd, NW1.

ENTERPRISING young woman, 18-25, prepared for really hard work and responsibility, wanted in expanding concern dealing with international hospitality. Excellent memory, sense of humour and some knowledge of typing and French essential. Other languages useful. Write: EFA, 1 New Burlington Street, London, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

VICTORIA University of Wellington, New Zealand. Chair of Business Administration. A Chair of Business Administration has been established at the Victoria University of Wellington and the University Council invites applications from suitably qualified persons for the first appointment. The appointee will be expected to have high level qualifications in an academic field relevant to business and high level experience in business. According to the background and qualifications of the appointee the Council may require him to spend a period (i) examining from the University and business stand-points the New Zealand position in respect of studies in Business Administration; (ii) investigating work in Business Administration in overseas universities. He will, in the discretion of the Council, and subject to certain conditions, be entitled to the right of private practice in a consultative capacity. The salary will be at the rate of £2,800 per annum. Approved fares to Wellington will be allowed for the appointee, his wife and his dependent children. In addition, actual removal expenses will be allowed within certain limits. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in New Zealand and London, on 16 October 1961.

UNIVERSITY of New England, Armidale, New South Wales. Lecturer/Senior Lecturer in Education. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position, level to be determined according to qualifications. Applicants should have particular interests and qualifications in the philosophical and/or sociological aspects of education. Applicants from outside Australia may apply for appointment on a short-term or permanent basis. The former type of appointment is only available to overseas applicants and at the level of Lecturer. Salary for a Lecturer is £A1,730 x 105 – £A2,435 and for a Senior Lecturer £A2,550 x 95 – £A3,000. In addition a cost of living allowance, at present £A49 per annum, is payable. Provision is made for superannuation, travel and removal expenses and assistance in buying or building a house. Further information and the conditions of appointment may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 30 October 1961.

MONASH University, Melbourne, Australia. Lectureships and Senior Lectureships in Politics. Applications are invited for appointment to Senior Lectureships and Lectureships in Politics. Applicants should possess a degree with honours or its equivalent. The level of appointment will be determined by the successful applicants' qualifications. Courses in Politics are offered in the Faculties of Economics and Politics, and Arts. Teaching for the second and third years at both pass and honours level will be introduced in 1962 and 1963. The successful applicants will be given every assistance to pursue their individual research interests. Salary scales: Senior Lecturer £A2,480/100/2,950; Lecturer £A1,660/100/2,360; with provision for superannuation on the FSSU basis. Detailed conditions of appointment may be had from the Registrar of the University or from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth (Branch Office), Marlborough House, Pall Mall, London, SW1. Applications close, in Australia and London, on 23 October 1961.

UNIVERSITY of Aarhus, Denmark, Department of English. Applications are invited for the temporary post of Lecturer in English for the academic year 1961/62, ending 1 July 1962, at a salary of approx. 23,006 Danish Kroner p.a. (= £1,188 sterling). Applications (two copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience together with two testimonials and the names of two references should reach the Registrar, University of Aarhus, Aarhus, Denmark (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 2 October 1961.

BBC requires Assistant to Senior Education Officer, School Broadcasting Council, in London. Duties include study and analysis of evidence reaching the Council on certain sound and television series, administration of the routine work of the Council's Education Officers, liaison with the BBC in matters concerning public relations and external correspondence, selection and presentation of recorded and visual material for use by the Council's Education Officers and for loan to Training Colleges. An Honours degree and educational experience essential. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.377 N.Stm) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

SECRETARY wanted for N. Middx & S. Herts Marriage Guidance Council. Fully experienced all office routine and competent typist essential. Social work experience desirable. Five-day week 10-5 p.m. Salary £400 p.a. or part-time with proportionate salary will be considered. Write to the Chairman, 73 Crouch Hall Road, N8.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Science Producer/Programme Assistant, School Broadcasting (Sound). Science degree essential, experience of teaching desirable. Preference to candidates of wide general culture. Salary £1,380 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by five annual increments to £1,780 max. p.a. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference 61.G.428. N.Stm) and further particulars should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

GOVERNMENT Communications Headquarters: Pensionable posts at Cheltenham for men and women at least 20 on 1.10.61, for work of a research nature requiring expert knowledge (honours degree or equivalent standard) of foreign languages. Normally at least two languages required, but one Oriental language may be acceptable; common groupings such as French with German, Italian, Spanish, or Russian will not be sufficient. Salary according to age, qualifications and experience on national scales £551-£764, £697-£1,492 or £1,295-£1,638. Promotion prospects. Write Civil Service Commission, 6 Burlington Gardens, London, W1, for application form quoting 5388/61. Closing date 17 October 1961.

SOCIAL Worker required at an experimental family rehabilitation centre in Birmingham where families reside for up to two years. Good remuneration according to qualifications and experience. Further particulars and application form obtainable from The General Secretary, The Middlemore Homes, Crowley House, Weoley Park Road, Selly Oak, Birmingham, 29.

THE British Society for Research in Agricultural Engineering invites applications for senior and junior appointments in an expanding department dealing with technical information in agricultural and horticultural engineering. Duties include abstracting, literature searches and general information work. A suitable honours degree or equivalent qualification, and a knowledge of one or more foreign languages are essential. Salary within the scale £717-bar-£1,130-bar-£1,604-bar-£1,822, starting salary depending on age, qualifications and experience. Superannuation Scheme. Application forms from Secretary, NIAE, Wrest Park, Silsoe, Beds.

KING Alfred School, North End Road, London, NW11. Headmaster required in September 1962 to work with a Co-Head in this independent, co-educational day school (recognised by the Ministry of Education) where exceptional opportunities exist for development and expansion of academic and creative work over a wide age range up to University. Salary not less than Burnham. Apply before 30 September with references to Roderick Garrett, Chairman of Council, 28 Southwood Lane, Highgate, London, N6.

RESEARCH Director with organising drive and writing ability, salary £2,000 and upwards according to qualifications, required for new social and economic research institute concerned with consumer problems. Apply Box 5759.

SECRETARY (female) required by Director, Blood Coagulation Research Unit, Churchill Hospital, Oxford. Good shorthand and typing speeds essential. On scale rising to £12 2s. 6d. per week. Additional allowances payable for proficiency and responsibility allowance of 30s. per week may be paid. Superannuation provision, three weeks annual leave. Applications to the Director at the above address.

THE Liberal Synagogue, St John's Wood Road, NW8, invites applications for Personal Secretary to the Senior Minister. Competent, experienced lady of good education, preferably in thirties, for responsible appointment. Congenial conditions – 5-day week. Apply in first instance to Mr Cross, CUN. 5181.

TYPIST-Clerical worker required for Collet's Record Shop, New Oxford St. TU Agreement on wages and conditions. Apply Mrs Birch, 44/45 Museum St, WC1.

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Place, N1, require part-time General Secretary, mostly afternoons. Suitable retired man or woman, interested theatre. Give details office experience. Write Box C309, c/o Walter Judd Ltd, 47 Gresham St, EC2.

EFFICIENT shorthand-typist required, aged 19/20. Small city office, interesting non-commercial work. Five-day week. Good salary. Telephone LON. 4714.

BOOK Publisher (London) sks intelligent and agreeable secretary. Box 5735.

MEDICAL Secretaries & Receptionists urgently required for Doctors and Hospitals. Perm. & temp. M. & S. Agency, 32 Queen Victoria St, EC4. CITy 7131.

'PAUSE' is Government policy – your pause should be at The Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau for tea, a chat, and a job. 114 Holborn, EC1 (next to Gamages). HOL. 0390.

THE Better job for the Better girl. From Mayfair Staff Selection Bureau, 5a Princes Street, Hanover Square, W1 (opp. Dickins & Jones). HYD. 6471.

SHORTHAND-typists. Temporary, 10-5 p.m. GK Bureau, MUSeum 6858.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

ST DUNSTAN'S Convalescent and Holiday Home for blinded ex-servicemen at Ovingdean, Brighton, has vacancies for Resident Female Staff (age 25/40). Varied and interesting duties. Further information on application to Matron, St Dunstan's, Ovingdean, Brighton.

LEADING publishers require a man of ideas in their advertising dept. He will be responsible to the publicity manager for all press advertising and he should be a practised copywriter, adept at layout and methodical enough to progress the work inherent in a substantial appropriation. Salary c. £1,000, according to experience. Write fully Box 5810.

FINMAR Ltd requires young lady Telephone Operator/Receptionist. 26 Kingly Street, W1. REG. 8306.

SECRETARY 22/30, able to use Dictaphone, for Advertising Agency, Baker Street. Salary £11/£12. Portman Bureau, 78 George Street, W1. HUN. 0676.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

AN OPPORTUNITY exists for obtaining the services of Personal Assistant to retiring High Commissioner. Qualifications offered include experience gained working in close co-operation with those prominent in the international world of diplomacy, commerce, politics. Organising and interpreting at high level diplomatic meetings; controlling the administration of the High Commissioner's Office. Box 5766.

YOUNG woman seeks opening museum/interior design/crafts shop. Experienced exhibition design, monograph writing, restoration art objects etc. Anthropology degree. US citizen, European background, UK permanently October, fluent French, country-lover. Box 5785.

SOCIALIST – early forties. Executive experience publicity, sales. Author published books. Interested horticulture, theatre, people. Seeks worthwhile job paying enough to keep family. Box 5765.

BILINGUAL (Engl./French) civilised man, deep-rooted interest in people, children, social progress, will be an asset to any org. where human relations and keen reliable service' are required. Box 5832.

BIOLOGY & Mathematics. Cambridge BA, research, seeks part-time teaching work in London. Box 5744.

FRENCH lady, 35, exp. Fr./Eng., sec.-s/t. & translator, seeks intg job with prospects. Good refs. Would travel. Box 5826.

PERSONAL

DOCTOR reqs part-time help for Simon, 3 mnths. Some experience with children essential. Suit married woman. WIL. 1888.

ANYONE, thirties-forties, interested discussion and/or record-playing group (classics), Birmingham, contact Box 5713.

CIVIL servant 29, to be contacted by persons interested in starting a house assoc. to provide self-owned flatlets. NW3 area. State age and occupation. Mr Curtis, 74 Clarence Road, Teddington, Mddx.

PERSONAL—continued

LEADING LONDON LITERARY AGENCY WITH FIRST-RATE CONTACTS PUBLISHERS, STAGE, FILM AND TV COMPANIES IS PREPARED TO TAKE ON A LIMITED NUMBER OF NEW CLIENTS. SOUND EDITORIAL FACILITIES. ONLY WORK OF PROFESSIONAL AND DEDICATED WRITERS WD BE CONSIDERED. Box 5783.

CREATIVE Ad.-Man, writer, would welcome suggestions useful job outside advertising, outside London. Age 43. Good driver, generally useful; wage min. £10 a week. Write Box 5750.

FARM, preferably North of London. Doctor's family would like to be paying guests for week-ends. Box 5746.

GOUDHURST. Woman offers another share well-furn. country cottage; own rooms, car space. Refs. 3 gns. Box 5831.

YOUNG man, 25, MA Hons Edinburgh, fluent French & Italian, sks part-time work films, fashions, antiques. Box 5806.

TWO kittens need kind homes. 9 weeks old. Dark with ginger flecks, very pretty. HOL. 7043 or FRE. 4694.

THE Art of Wine Making: write for details to Grey Owl Laboratories, Makers of World Famous Wine Yeasts, Almondsbury, Gloucestershire.

GALA Dance, Fri. 29 Sept., Victoria Hall, Bloomsbury Sq. (nr Holborn Tube) 8-11.15 p.m. 5-piece band, bar, buffet, balloons, prizes. 7s. 6d. at door (6s. in adv.). Send s.a.e. to Companions Club, 11(s) Dryden Chambers, W1.

YOUNG professional people invited William Temple Association, Anglican graduate society. London study groups on World poverty, Press, Liturgical reform, Secular education, Appointment of bishops, etc. Opening meeting 4 October, 7.30. Branches elsewhere. Details Liddon House, London diocesan centre for instruction, personal help, retreats, voluntary work, etc. 24 South Audley Street, W1.

MERLIN Press colophon competition still open; write for details. 112 Whitfield Street, W1.

AMATEUR Rep. reqs experienced Actors and Actresses (Character and Juvenile) also set designers, for Autumn Season. Casting in progress. The Entertainer, Four One Act Plays by Tennessee Williams. The Playboy Of The Western World, The Tunnel Of Love, The Old Ladies, The White Devil (250th Production), Come Closer and Look (New Play). Mountview Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8. (MOU. 5885).

COMMON World, not Common Market, a new Party. Write A. Peachey, P.O. Box 14, London, NW2.

AFTER 30 years of misery I found the way to relieve catarrh. My method is the result of many years' research, and it is most successful. 3d. stamp for details: S. R. Underwood (NS), 176 Regent Court, Sheffield, 6.

MODERN Contact Lens Centre, 7(N), Endsleigh Court, WC1. Booklet sent.

PERSONAL—continued

PRIVATE Art Gallery in provinces invites enqs from artists interested in exhibiting. Modest fee charged. Box 5302.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Join Now – few vacancies. Entrance fee suspended during summer. Apply to Secretary for details of membership, autumn programme and Week-end Visit to Paris 13-15 October.

NEW Personalist Club. Conversation circles. Leisure activities. Informal approach. Writing, arts, thought. Box 5727.

SUEDE and Leather jackets and coats made to measure. E. Harris, 24 Berwick Street, W1.

EASY £175 Letter Contest. Send for Free Entry Form – plus Free 'Know-How Guide to Writing Success'. No Sales – No Fees training. Free 'Writer' Subscription; two free writing encyclopaedias. BA School of Successful Writing Ltd, 124 New Bond Street, London, W1.

NOT C. of E.? Perhaps Humanist. Write Ethical Union (F), 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, London, W8.

VISION corrected. Sight improved without glasses. Qualified Bates Practitioner Michael Ronan, 29 Gloucester Road, SW7. KNIghtsbridge 7323.

LONDON Contact Lens Centre, 66 New Cavendish St, Harley St, London, W1. Phone MUSeum 8923, also at Oxford, Cambridge, Ipswich.

MR M DAVIDSON, FSMC, Ophthalmic Optician, attends the Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Garden, Holborn, EC1. (Tel HOL. 8193).

TELEVISION Writing School is training writers in the technique of TV for ABC Television, Associated-Rediffusion and Associated Television, as well as other TV companies. For details of our correspondence courses apply: Television Writing School Ltd, 14 Sackville St, London, W1.

CHRONIC Catarrh is commonly treated with drugs, inhalants, sprays, cauterisation and even surgery, yet withal the condition – the implacable enemy of fitness and mental activity – remains. Garlisol Tablets will liquify catarrh and purify and clear the entire system. Harmless, benevolent, and with no drug reaction on the heart or other organs. Not habit forming. Send 52s. 6d. for six months' treatment (1,000 Tablets) or £1 12s. 6d. (3 months' treatment) together with booklet of dietary advice, to Garlisol Company, Fairlight, Sussex, or order through your chemist.

THE Linguists' Club, London's International Centre, Niddry Lodge, Holland St, W8 (WES. 0989), & 20 Grosvenor Pla., SW1 (SLO. 9595), for conversn & tuition.

LONDON School of Bridge, 38 Kings Rd, SW3 Sloane Sq. KEN 7201. Club attached.

GUITAR: Garfield-Howe Group at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon (all grades) 13 Oct.; also 'D. H. Lawrence Week-end'.

DIRECTORS needing able office staff (m. & f.) consult Stella Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, WC2. TEMple Bar 6644.

PRINTING at less cost than duplicating, even short runs, even when illustrated – and at what speed! William Kempner Ltd, 36 Brooke Street, EC1. CHA. 3588.

SPEECH Training. English for foreigners. Miss Shackman, LRAM. SLO. 4154.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months. Details: Setogni, WEL. 6655.

DOMESTICS Unlimited (ACY) for reliable cleaners & babysitters. CUN. 0461.

CHRISTMAS Cards already! Yes, naturally, at The Caravel Press, Moxon St, W1.

A CAREER at 40 or even 50? You still can start or resume a secretarial career. Learn Shorthand – or the simpler Speedwriting – and typing – and audio typing. A special 10 weeks mornings only course for the over 40s commences on Monday 2 October. Lansdowne Secretarial Centre, 287 Oxford St, London, W1. HYDe Park 7950.

GALTS Make Good Toys. Write for catalogue, order by post, or visit London's newest toyshop, Galts, Dept. NS, 30 Gt Marlborough St, W1 (behind Liberty's).

PRINTING at less cost by offset litho with text in print-style type. Books, brochures, catalogues, etc., with illus. Susan Tully Ltd, 9 Blenheim St, W1. MAY. 6093.

4¾% Interest (Tax paid by The New Homes Building Soc., E. Twickenham). Invest in a Society devoted only to assist owner-occupiers. Chair: A. Marlowe, MP.

IMPECCABLE printing for NS readers. Letterheads to books The Blado Press, 171 Strand, Surrey St, WC2. TEM. 2545.

SHORT Story Writing for Profit. The ideal hobby. Interesting prospectus free. The Regent Institute (S/191), Palace Gate, W8.

FAMOUS Writers' School, 53 Fleet Street, London, EC4. Courses in Fiction and Article Writing. (FLEet Street 7158/4734).

PHILIP Humphreys, psychologist, formerly of Prince's Gate, now at Richmond. RIC. 4416.

FAMILY Planning Booklet free under plain, sealed cover. Premier Laboratories (Box 46), 333 Gray's Inn Rd, WC1.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

LCC

SOCIAL WORKERS

Vacancies exist for social workers in the London County Council Welfare department for services for old and handicapped people. Prospects of promotion to higher social worker grades.

GRADE I — SOCIAL WORKERS GENERAL ASSISTANT

To assist trained staff with home visiting and running day social centres. Suitable for younger people anxious to make a career in welfare work and older persons with a genuine interest in elderly or handicapped people. Interest in handicrafts an advantage.

GRADE II — HOME VISITOR AND TEACHER OF THE BLIND HOME VISITOR FOR THE HANDICAPPED AND ELDERLY

For home visiting duties, organising day rehabilitation and social centres and determining the need for admission to residential accommodation. For work with the blind and partially sighted, applicants should possess, or be studying for, the Home Teaching Certificate. For other work, a social science qualification, a university degree or experience of comparable social work is desirable. Training in handicrafts an advantage.

GRADE III — SENIOR HOME VISITOR

To lead a team of some 10 social workers (GRADES I and II) in one locality and to train general assistants. Experience and a qualification in one or more aspects of the work is essential.

SALARY SCALES

Starting point within scale according to qualifications and experience; if under 24 years of age, with less than three years' approved experience, minimum salary abatable by £25 for each year short of these requirements.

Social worker grade I — £660 x £40 — £820
Social worker grade II — £700 x £40 — £940
Social worker grade III — £740 x £40 — £1,060

APPLY to Chief Officer of the Welfare Department, (SWD/N/2319/9), County Hall, SE1 stating grade or grades for which you wish to be considered. Application forms to be returned by 2 October.

LECTURES etc.—continued from p.412

DISCUSSION Groups, conferences, painting, lectures, dancing, with friendly members of the Progressive League. For details write Secretary (N.1), 20 Buckingham Street, WC2.

SPIRITUALISM proves survival. Lectures and demonstrations daily. London HQ, 33 Belgrave Square, SW1. BEL. 3351.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

CHRISTIANS AND NUCLEAR WEAPONS

Conference at High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts, Tuesday evening until Thursday mid-day, 26 to 28 September 1961.

Speakers include: Sydney Bailey (formerly Director Quaker UN Programme); Canon Edward F. Carpenter; Canon L. John Collins; Peter Fletcher (Consultant Psychologist); The Reverend Derrick Greeves; Michael Howard (Lecturer in War Studies – University of London).

A few vacancies still available. Applications to The Secretary, Christian Action, 2 Amen Court, London, EC4.

Lecture and Discussion Series on
THE SPIRITUAL HUNGER OF THE MODERN CHILD

Lectures by recognised authorities in Education, Religion and Spiritual Movements, followed by questions and discussion, on one of the chief problems of the day – how to preserve the Religious Potential latent in children. FRIDAY EVENINGS, 7.30, starting 22 Sept. 1961. CONWAY HALL, RED LION SQ., London, WC1.
Fees £2 (or 5s. individual lectures). Students half price.
Details and tickets from – Lecture Secretary, Institute for Comparative Study of History, Philosophy and the Sciences, Coombe Springs, Kingston, Surrey.

LABAN ART OF MOVEMENT CENTRE

LONDON COURSES

(1) Tuesdays: 7-8.30 p.m. starting 3 October. AWAKENING AND FOSTERING INTEREST IN MOVEMENT EDUCATION. A practical course, for mixed groups, on movement training and observation. Useful in adult education and therapy. Tutors: LISA ULLMANN and BETTY REDFERN.

(2) Thursdays: 7-8.30 p.m. starting 5 October. STYLES OF MOVEMENT AND HOW THEY APPEAR IN MANY LANDS. A course, for mixed groups, in movement expression. Tutors: GERALDINE STEPHENSON and ATHALIE KNOWLES.

(3) Saturdays: 9.45 a.m.-5 p.m. 11 November and 2 December 1961; 20 January and 10 February 1962. DANCE AND DRAMATIC MIME. A course for mixed groups on mime and dance expression based on the study of effort and shape in gesture. Tutors: LISA ULLMANN, GERALDINE STEPHENSON, JOHN DALBY.

Courses (1) and (2) at St John's and All Saints' C. of E. Secondary School, Exton Street, off Waterloo Road, London, SE1. Course (3) at Queen Mary Hall, YWCA, Great Russell Street, London, WC1.

Details from Secretary, Laban Art of Movement Centre, Woburn Hill, Addlestone, Surrey. Tel. Weybridge 2464

INSTITUT FRANCAIS DU ROYAUME-UNI

Queensberry Place, London, SW7. KENsington 6211.

Term commencing 2 October.

Evening classes in French language, literature and culture. Special classes for beginners with audio-visual method. Preparation for the Licence ès Lettres, classes in technical translation.
For further details apply to Director of Studies.

UNIVERSITY Extension Courses. University of London. The Psychological Basis of Religion – The Christian Concept of God – The Petrine Writings – The Psychology of Character and Will – Philosophy of Science Seminar. Details from the Registrar, Newman Centre, 31 Portman Square, W1. WEL. 9958.

BRAZILIAN Portuguese. Classes (sponsored by Brazilian Embassy) for beginners and elementary students commencing 2 October 1961. Full details from Principal, Language Tuition Centre, Oxford St, W1.

RUSSIAN language and literature. Native graduate tutor. Experienced preparation all exams especially Degree. Box 5218.

FRENCH by retired LCC teacher. Write Miss S.N., 154 Westbourne Grove, W11.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

THE University of Manchester. The University of Manchester will introduce in October 1961 a one year course leading to a Diploma in Youth Work. The course is designed for graduates, but applications may, in exceptional circumstances, be considered from others with good educational qualifications and practical experience of work with young people. Applications are invited from students wishing to take this course. Further details can be obtained from the Registrar, University of Manchester, Manchester, 13.

HENDON WEA Winter Session, Hendon Public Library. Appreciation of Music, Art, Modern Drama, World Affairs and Architecture. Secretary, HENdon 7086.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages, School of English for Foreign Nationals, Students' Club, 26-32 Oxford Street. LANgham 1005. All foreign languages in day and evng classes or private lessons, beginners & all grades. Daily classes in English and prep. for Cambridge Univ. Certificates. Short or long courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

FRENCH Conversation Classes. Day, evening and lunch-time classes. Private lessons Beginners to Advanced; all with French teachers. Correspondence courses. Mentor, 11 Charing Cross Road, London, WC2 (opp. Garrick Theatre). (TRA. 2044).

SPANISH, Italian, French, German. Small classes for beginners, intermediate, and advanced. Pronunciation with tape recorders. International Language Centre, 40 Shaftesbury Avenue, W1. GER. 9441.

LERNEN Sie Deutsch? 'Der Roller' bringt Ihnen monatlich Geschichten und aktuelle Berichte aus Deutschland, Oesterreich und der Schweiz. This magazine is designed to instruct and divert those learning German for pleasure or profit at school or at home. Write for a specimen copy of the magazine and details of subscription rates to Mary Glasgow and Baker Ltd, 140 Kensington Church St, London, W8.

ITALIAN lessons by expd native teacher; speedy results guaranteed. Box 5764.

DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides full-time general musical education for performers & teachers with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Art Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

DAVIES'S Training Course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners, 4 October to 6 December. Particulars from Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, SW7. (KNIghtsbridge 6833).

TUITION by Post for GCE, Lond. Univ. Degrees, Diplomas, Law, Profess. exams. Mod. fees. Prosp. (mention exam.) from F. W. Shaw Fletcher, CBE, LLB. Dept VH91, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

INTENSIVE Secretarial Courses. Gregg & Pitman Shorthand. Frances Ing Secretarial School, 1a Harrington Road, London, SW7. KEN. 4771.

SECRETARIAL Training especially for university graduates, and older students, six-month and intensive 14-week courses. Write Organising Secy. Davies's, 158 Holland Park Ave, W11. PARk 4654.

TOUCH-typing and/or Pitman's Shorthand Private tuition BAYswater 1786

TUITION by experienced teachers (Hons graduates): Chemistry, Physics, English, French to OL & AL; Maths to OL. Evenings and weekends, SW18. VAN. 6212.

PRIVATE Tuition (Shorthand/Typing). Mabel Fyles Tel.: ENTernrise 3324

11+ New Courses using modern methods. Send for Free Guide and Tests. Thames Tutorial College (Dept N.S.2), 40 Russell Street, Reading.

EXPERT tuition in interpretation and technique of Pianoforte playing – Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin, LRAM, 46 Clarendon Rd, London, W11

EVENING Drama School. Vacancies for term com. Sept. Complete course. No experience required. Mountview Theatre Club, 104 Crouch Hill, N8 (MOU. 5885).

WHERE TO STAY

COTSWOLDS. Guests welcome in simple country hse in lovely valley, 7 gns. Also furn. cottage (suit two). Mrs Collier, Steanbridge, nr Stroud, Glos. Tel. Painswick 2093.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comf., rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms, broch., Higham Hse, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sussex. Robertsbridge 426

WHERE TO STAY—continued

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse. Beautiful & remote position Welsh mountains nr Llyn Geirionydd. Mod. comfort, good food & fires. Friendly & informal, 7-8 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 566.

MIDHURST District. A charming old Manor house off the beaten track. 4 acres, own produce. Billiards, putting, croquet, licensed bar. Few vacancies for winter residence. Southdowns Hotel, Trotton, Nr Petersfield. Rogate 93.

A FEW twin-bedded rooms for October in small friendly Hotel in Britain's Best Climate. (Town claim). From 7 gns inc. Many extras i.e. b. in b. if reqd. C.h. if weather cool (every room). Rec. by readers. Write for illustrated brochure, Normanhurst, Sea Front, St Leonards, Sussex. Premier position: opp. sheltered promenade 100 sun shelters, near Churches, Pavilion, Sun Lounge – 6 theatres and cinemas.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on and off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country. 5s. posted. N. S. Hilton, Sundial House, Torquay.

HOLIDAY TRAVEL

AN EXCITING new approach to winter sports! Ski-plan holidays in Austria – 15 days from only £29 15s. – including travel, full pension, ski-school, hire of skis! Write for colourful magazine brochure for complete details. Ski-Plan Ltd, Dept NS, 47 Beauchamp Place, London, SW3.

PROTRAVEL have something for everyone. Write now for your copy of our 1961 booklet 'Better Holidays'. Protravel (NS), 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LAN. 3101

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

HIGHGATE. Unfurn. rooms, 2 recep., 2 bed., sep. kit. & w.c. Pleasant situation, suit retired couple. £250 p.a. inclusive. Box 5748.

INTERNATIONAL Residential Club, 300 dble & sgle rooms, £5 full board. 12 Parkhill Rd, East Croydon. CRO. 2634.

IDEAL for student, bus. girl. Attract. room, charming part NW8. Low rent in exch. agreed number trouble-free sitting-in evenings. Full independence. Box 5841.

ST JOHN'S Wood, furn. sgle room, sep. cooking facs; heat, hot water, cleaning included in 5 gns wkly rent. Box 5825.

MARBLE Arch, single room, b. & b., £3 15s. per week. Box 5822.

KEW. Divan-room & kit'ette at reduced rent for baby-sitting. Box 5821.

BUS. lady (Jewish) offered comf. divan-room in spacious mod. flat, Parliament Hill Fields, NW5. C.h., c.h.w., use k./b. Easy access City/West End. GUL. 7845.

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YOUNG gent. reqs accom. in West End, reasonable. 39 Brook Green, W6.

RESEARCH stud. (f.) sks London b/s. from end Sept; wd baby-sit. Box 5481.

ARTIST (commercial) with gramophone (classical) requires furn./unfurn. light room, cooking facs; tel. if possible. Central essential. LAN 1645 mornings.

QUIET m. research student (genetics) sks lge room, furn./unf., for sleep & study. Cent. London or Kew. Box 5745.

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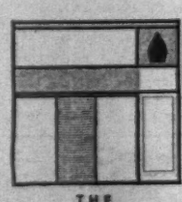

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THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Evgs 8, Sats 5 & 8. 'Finders Keepers'. Members.

MERMAID. (CITy 7656). John Ford's 'Tis Pity She's a Whore'. 6 & 8.40.

ROYAL Court. Evgs 7.30, Sats 2.30. Rex Harrison, 'August for the People'. Com. 25 Sept. Wesker's 'The Kitchen'.

SAVILLE. TEM. 4011. 8.30. Wed. & Sat. 6.15 & 8.50. The hilarious revue success 'The Lord Chamberlain Regrets!' 'Thunderous applause – side-splitting' Daily Herald.

THEATRE Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Evgs 8, Sat. 5 & 8. A Whistle in the Dark. 'A terrifying play', The Times. 'The stage blazes with danger', Kenneth Tynan.

TOWER, N1. (CAN. 3475 9-6, CAN. 5111 6-8.30). Beckett's 'Endgame' 28-30 Sept. at 7.30.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Farquhar's 'The Recruiting Officer'. Restoration Comedy. Fri., Sat., Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

ASIAN MUSIC CIRCLE
(President: Yehudi Menuhin)
TWO SITAR RECITALS by
USTAD VILAYAT KHAN
Ustad Imrat Khan (Sitar & Surbahar)
Shanta Prasad (Tabla)
Programmes include well-known Ragas – Solo and FOR THE FIRST TIME IN EUROPE, Duets
(1) Wed. 27 Sept. at 7.30, St Pancras Town Hall, Euston Road, NW1.
(2) Tues. 3 Oct. at 7.30, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1.
Tickets: Members 2s. 6d., 4s., 6s. and 10s. Guests 5s., 8s., 10s. and 15s. Price reductions for Ballet Clubs, Schools and Parties.
Tickets will be available at the door one hour before performance begins, or any time beforehand from Hon. Sec., Asian Music Circle, 18 Fitzalan Road, London, N3. (FIN. 2934).

AMERICAN Theatre Songs by Kurt Weill. Sung by Lotte Lenya (a recording). American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Tuesday, 26 September, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY. Morning Shows dly 11 a.m. (ex. Suns & Tues. 26 Sept.). Mozart's 'Don Giovanni' (U). Cond. Furtwangler.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Nouvelle Vague Survey: Until 24 Sept.: Truffaut's 'Shoot The Pianist' (X). From 25 Sept.: Chabrol's 'Les Cousins' (X).

INFORMAL Dance and Social – Clive Hall Hotel, 27 Fellows Road, NW3. Sat., 30 Sept., 7.30-11 p.m. 4s. 6d. at door. Refreshments. Hampstead Humanist Society.

DANCE, IFL 30th Anniversary, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, WC1, Sat. 23 Sept. 7.30-11 p.m. Tkts 5s. All welcome.

CHINA'S 12th Anniversary Celebration. See Lectures and Meetings.

ENTERTAINMENTS—continued

AFRICAN World Congress invites you to come to the greatest dance on earth at 6.30 p.m. on 23 Sept. at Orange Tree Public House, corner Euston Rd and Gower St. Nearest Tube Stn: Euston Square.

EXHIBITIONS

BRIGHTON
ROYAL PAVILION
Regency Exhibition. State and Private Apartments fully furnished. Original furniture from Buckingham Palace. Unpublished letters of Geo. IV. Dolphin Furniture from the Admiralty. Relics and Memorial Objects of the Princess Charlotte.
Open 10 to 8 daily including Sundays. Exhibition closes Sunday, 1 October. Winter Exhibition commences Monday, 2 October.

THE LINCOLN GALLERY

'ART and ENERGY'

a Schettini restrospective.

8 SLOANE STREET, SW1.

GANYMED new publication Lowry's Children's Playground, £3 plus 7s. 11d. tax, at 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 26 Young Sculptors. Until 7 October. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s. Members free. ICA Library, Maurice Jadot. Private View 26 Sept., 6 p.m. From 27 Sept.-21 Oct.

NATIONAL Exhibition of Children's Art, Royal Institute Galleries, 195 Piccadilly, London, W1. 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. Monday to Saturday, until 30 Sept. Adm. 1s. Children 6d. Organised by the Sunday Pictorial.

FINMAR'S exhibition of furniture designed by the Danish architect Borge Mogensen, MAA, and sculpture and painting by Svend Wiig Hansen. Art Federation Galleries, 61 Suffolk Street, SW1. Daily 9 a.m. to 5.30 p.m., closing 29 September.

MAX Ernst: retrospective 1909-61. Arts Council exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 15 Oct. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6, Tues., Thurs. 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 3s. 6d.

WOODSTOCK Gallery, 16 Woodstock St, W1. MAYfair 4419. Ronald Carpenter, David Tinker, Joe Rose: Paintings. 11-30 Sept. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1.

QUEENSWOOD Gallery, 214 Archway Road, N6. Paintings by Ada Flatto. Sculpture by M. Pakenham Walsh. 10-5.30. Thurs. 10-1. Sat. 10-7.

MOLTON Gallery. Duncan: Paintings. 7-30 Sept. Daily 10-6, Sats 10-1. 44 South Molton St, W1. MAY. 2482.

MARLBOROUGH, 39 Old Bond St, W1 (HYD. 6195). 'Some Aspects of 20th Century Art', Dubuffet, Gris, Klee, Leger, Picasso, Pollock, de Stael, Moore, etc. Admission free. 10-5, Sats. 10-12.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Paintings: Jankel Adler. 10-6, Sats 10-1. 2 Cork St. W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Portraits of Fellows of the Royal Society, 1660-1680. Electricity in the Service of Medicine and other exhibitions. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Admission Free.

NUDES of Jean Straker – Photography 12-9 5s. Visual Arts. 12 Soho Sq., W1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Anna Meyrson – Recent Paintings. Until 14 Oct. Daily 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

HANDBUILT Pottery from Goldsmiths' College by Gordon Baldwin, Kenneth Bright, James Cranmer, David Garbett and some of their pupils. 18-30 September. Primavera, 149 Sloane Street, SW1.

NEW London Gallery. 17-18 Old Bond St. W1. 10-5, Saturdays 10-12. New London Situation. Until 27 Sept.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

NO Place to Hide. Exhibition 25 & 26 Sept., 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Chenil Galleries, nr Town Hall, King's Rd, Chelsea, SW3, Kensington/Chelsea CND. Adm. 1s.

BUTE Gallery, Paul Christie Paintings, 3 Bute Street, S. Kensington, SW7.

STONEWARE pottery by Michael Casson and Victor Margrie at the Crafts Centre of Great Britain, 16/17 Hay Hill, Berkeley Square, W1, until 5 October. Mon. to Fri. 10-5. Sats 10-12.30. Admission free.

ITALIAN Bronze Statuettes: 15th to 18th centuries. Arts Council exhibition. Victoria & Albert Museum. Till 1 Oct. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues., Thurs., 10-8. Sun., 2.30-6. Adm. 3s. 6d.

CANALETTO Gallery, Little Venice, W2 (Tube: Warwick Avenue). Paintings by Charles Bone. Until 26 Sept. Every day including Sundays from 11-6 p.m.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W1. Recent Paintings by Nora Adams and J. Bornfriend. Weekdays 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1 p.m.

DRIAN Galleries, 5-7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Until 30 September. Paintings by William Crozier. Sculptures by Brian Wall.

LCC Art Exhibition in the Royal Festival Hall from 20 September to 5 October. Features photographs and models of works of art and sculptures commissioned by the LCC for civic display. Open daily from 5.30 till 10 p.m. Artists and art-critics particularly welcome.

ZWEMMER'S, 26 Litchfield St, WC2. Paintings & drawings: Harold Cheesman.

VISIT Upper Grosvenor Galleries, 19 Upper Grosvenor St, London, W1. Tel. HYD. 3091. Open 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Sats 10-1 p.m. Old and Modern Masters.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

LONDON NEW LEFT REVIEW CLUB
BEVAN MEMORIAL LECTURE
Tuesday, 26 September 1961, 8 p.m.
Speaker – JENNIE LEE, MP
Chairman – Tom Driberg, MP
Caxton Hall, London, SW1.
Admission 3s.

A PEACE PLAN FOR BERLIN

Public Meeting Central Hall, Westminster, 7.30 p.m., 16 Oct. 1961.

Speakers to be announced.

National Peace Council, 29 Great James Street, WC1.

BERLIN
The BOMB
WORLD GOVERNMENT
BOB EDWARDS, MP, LANCE MALALIEU, MP, LORD STONHAM.
At Albert Hall, Blackpool,
Tues., 3 OCTOBER, 7 p.m. Adm. free.
Reserved seats 1s. From: Federal Union, 10 Wyndham Place, London, W1. Tel.: PADdington 6679.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. R. Jenkins, MP, on 'The Common Market'. 7.30, Wed. 27 Sept., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis. 2s. 6d. Details of Society: Sec., 52 Charleville Road, W14.

WEDNESDAY, 27 Sept., 8 p.m., at Allied Circle, 46 Green St, W1 (near Marble Arch). Opening meeting of GZO. Mrs Deborah Bar Zemer (resident in Jerusalem since 1948 and for many years in Kol Zion Lagola Broadcasting Station) will speak on 'London or Jerusalem?'. Latest film of Israel will be shown. Admission 2s. Non-members welcome. Hon. Sec.: Dr Lotte Allen, SPE. 3328.

SHAW Society, Friday 29 September, 7 p.m., at National Book League, Albemarle Street, W1. Shavian Miscellany.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. 'Child Art', a discussion at the Royal Institute Galleries, Piccadilly, on 28 Sept. at 8.15. Speakers Eduardo Paolozzi, Michael Graper, Tom Hudson, Wendy Koop discuss the 1961 Exhibition of Children's Art. Chairman: Dennis Young. Mems, 2s., non-mems. 3s. 6d.

CHINA'S 12th Anniversary Celebration. Artistes: John Neville, Reizenstein, Joshua Glazier, Steve Benbow, Philip Lewtas, Sheila Francis. Guest of Honour, Huan Hsiang, Chargé d'affaires of the People's Repubic of China. St Pancras Town Hall, Sunday, 1 October. 7.30 p.m. Tickets: 3s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d. All seats reserved. Apply Britain-China Friendship Association, 228 Gray's Inn Road, WC1.

COME to see 'The German Story' – a documentary film – Germany from 1918 to the present day, plus UNICEF film 'Children of the Sun'. Speaker: Negotiations Over Berlin Committee. Thursday, 28 September, 8 p.m. St Mark's Parish Hall, Homer Row, W1. St Marylebone CND Committee.

DR Rita Hinden, 'Africa after Independence', Croydon Fr[illegible] Meeting House, Monday 25 Sept., [illegible]omen's International League).

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns, W11. PARk 7096. Fri. 22 Sept. 8 p.m. Katherine Stidworth[illegible] 'Some Aspects of Soviet Poetry Today'. Fri. 29 Sept. 8 p.m. Pushkin Club Journey to Russia 1961 – Impressions. Courses of Russian starting.

'AIRS and Graces' – The New Jewish Society invites you to a musical evening at 83 Chiltern St, W1, on Wed., 27 Sept. at 8 p.m. Adm. to guests 2s. 6d.

HAMPSTEAD Parliament – the premier Model Parliament meets each Wednesday 8 p.m. at the Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, NW3. Details from: F. D. Hunter, 156 Etchingham Park Road, N3.

LISTENING Meeting. The 6th in this series will be held at Chelsea Old Church Hall, Embankment (buses 11, 19, 22, 39, 45, 49) at 7.30 on Tues. 26 September. Mr. Blyth Thompson, sixth generation South African, will speak to Anti-Apartheid badge-wearers and sympathisers. Dr Rachel Pinney will explain the nature & purpose of these Meetings. The Chair will be taken by Oswald Murray, South African Quaker, Liaison Officer Willesden International Friendship Council.

BIAS in Judgement: Dr H[illegible] Taifel (Oxford Univ.), Fri. 29 Sept. 7.30, Friends Inter. Centre, 32 Tavistock [illegible] WC1. Adm. 2s. 6d. Sociology Group, Progressive League.

'BEHIND the Berlin Crisis', George Matthews, editor D. Worker, speaks at Hampstead Town Hall, Tue. 26 Sept. 8 p.m.

ENGLISH New Education Fellowship. Five Informal Talks in Central London: Books for Children; Communication between Adult and Adolescent; Brazil's Solution to Racial Problems; Sexual Values in Transition; Films made in School. Admission free. Details of time, place and speakers from Mr J. B. Annand, Alturas, Rotherfield, Sussex.

A READING of Poems, with Comments by Richard Wilbur, American poet. American Embassy Theatre, Upper Brook Street entrance, Friday, 29 September, 6.30 p.m. Admission free.

PACIFIST Universalist Service. 3.30, Sun. 24 Sept. 5 Caledonian Rd, Kings X. Discourse: Antony Bates.

'DHARMA (Duty) in Theosophy'. Public lecture. 24 Sept., 8 p.m. Free literature. S.a.e. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Sq., SW1. Public Lecture. Wed. 27 Sept., 6.30 p.m. 'How to live with yourself'. M. O'C. Walshe. Sat. 30 Sept., 3 p.m., the Saturday Group (reading, discussion, tea). Also Tues. 26 Sept., 6.30. 'Beginners' Course' – second of six fortnightly lessons – open to all. Send 4s. for 'The Middle Way'. Enqs: TAT. 1313.

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LECTURES etc.—continued on p.411

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